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# CAMP-FIRE REMINISCENCES

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David Moore Lindsay

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# CAMP FIRE REMINISCENCES









MY FIRST BUFFALO

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# CAMP FIRE REMINISCENCES

OR

## TALES OF HUNTING AND FISHING IN CANADA AND THE WEST

BY

DAVID MOORE LINDSAY, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC IN THE WHALER AURORA"

Allah counts not from life  
The days spent in the chase,

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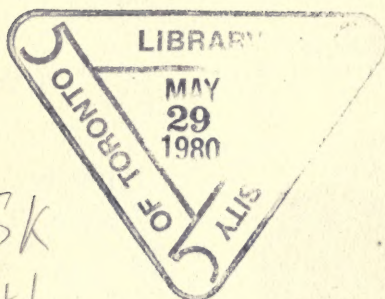
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## CAMP FIRE REMINISCENCES

BY

D. M. L.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sage brush  
desolation,

The bunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?

Have you whistled bits of rag-time at the end of all  
creation

And learned to know the deserts little ways?

Have you camped upon the foothills, have you gal-  
loped o'er the ranges

Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through and  
through?

Have you chummed up with the mesa? do you know its  
moods and changes?

Then listen to the wild—it's calling you.

R. W. SERVICE.



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# Camp Fire Reminiscences of Shooting and Fishing

## INTRODUCTION

There are always some people who enjoy drawing near to Nature's heart and in whom the primitive instinct is well developed. A bond of sympathy exists among them, and they judge not harshly each other's actions. To such, tales of days spent in the wilds are always of interest, however feebly they may be told. In the spring, when the grass turns green and the buds appear, there is a desire for the music of the stream. With what patience the born fisherman can cast his line from morning until night finding enjoyment, even though he does not fill his creel. In the autumn when the mornings are crisp and the leaves begin to fall—when the mountains of the West resemble Persian carpets with their wealth of colour, and the woods of the East surpass them in magnificence—comes the desire for the wilds which leads one away—whither, matters not, so long as the comforts of civilization are left behind.

I remember well the first day I ever spent in an equatorial forest. The luxurious vegetation, the gorgeous insects and the beautiful birds were to

me a source of great pleasure. I had known of the existence of each, but the *tout ensemble* was a delightful surprise. Standing spellbound by the beauty and interest of the scene, my meditation was disturbed by a member of the party who, coming up, remarked, "Is not this place Hades?" and then he began an irrelevant story about something which the governor of North Carolina had said to the governor of South Carolina. Our point of view was simply different.

A few years ago, the West was teeming with game, but as there were no laws for its protection the industrious hide-hunter, and the settler, with his barbed wire, changed all that. Of late, however, stringent laws have been enacted and are being very well enforced. The withdrawal of great tracts from settlement and their conservation as forest reserves has given the big game a new lease of life, by providing sanctuaries, so that posterity may enjoy indefinitely the splendid fauna of the country. The lover of nature and the sportsman owe much to him whose influence has ever been to protect what has been left.

These little sketches have been compiled from notes made of the trips they describe, and although one who knew the Laramie plains or Jackson's Hole twenty years ago may find them tame records, yet they give some idea of what the present day conditions are in western United States. Life on the sagebrush plains, or in the woods, is much the same to-day as it used to be and the advance of settlement makes little difference to the

glory of the sunsets. Wyoming is still the best place for wapiti, and Colorado for mule deer, while Montana is better for sheep and goats than any other State, but the protecting arm of the law may be thrown around them at any time.

There is not much excuse for some of these chapters, excepting an honest desire to give the experiences of short trips whether successful or otherwise—the rough with the smooth, as it were. The record of a trip to Idaho, which was a perfect blank, and of killing a wapiti cow, and a spike bull in Wyoming, are nothing to be proud of, but the man who to-day takes his rifle and blankets to the woods must find enjoyment in more than the actual taking of life. Our neolithic ancestors were all hunters. In days of old a man either hunted or starved. As the product of the chase provided food and raiment, and as these constituted all his earthly assets the best sportsman was a prosperous member of the community, with a happy neolithic wife, as well gowned as she could expect to be in those simple pre-Worthan days.

A love of the wilds and of travel so often go with the sporting instinct that, as a class, sportsmen are considered unsettled by their unsympathetic neighbours. The founder of this fraternity—Nimrod—be it remembered, was the only one of his family who became sufficiently prominent in any walk of life to have his success chronicled. We are told that he was a mighty hunter. If we look over his genealogical records, we soon find that he came by his tastes honestly, as his grandfather





Ham had enjoyed a wonderful intimacy with the lower animals while in the ark and was a far travelled man for those days.

With regard to the expense of a shooting trip in the West, the all-the-year-round sportsman and wanderer requires so little, that should the inexperienced hunter try it with the same outfit, he would meet with disaster. A stranger going into a new country for the first time must have a guide; this is required by law in some States such as Wyoming, where the guide must also be a game warden. This individual usually provides his own horse and is paid five dollars a day. To save time it is wise to have a cook, as a tired guide coming into camp at night does not want to cook, and in the morning the horses must be caught while the breakfast is being prepared. A cook with his horse is generally paid four dollars a day; and for comfort and expediency these two should at least be taken. Saddle horses generally cost one dollar per day each; the sportsman would require one and a remount in case of accident is useful. This last could be used as a pack animal upon occasions. Several pack horses are necessary and they cost from fifty cents to one dollar per day each. I generally take a small tent for myself and a large one for the men; this latter can be used for a kitchen and dining-room in bad weather, but one tent answers every purpose. With regard to beds—one man will be perfectly happy with a blanket on the bare ground while another will not. For my part, after a hard day's work I want to rest




well, therefore, when travelling in the West I carry a pneumatic mattress. Where the ground is wet and where there are no boughs with which to make a bed, this insures perfect comfort and it goes into very little space when packed. I also bring a sufficient number of Hudson Bay blankets with which to keep warm should cold weather be encountered. Sleeping bags are used by many, but there is much more freedom of movement in a bed. The professional hunter can go for a long time with bacon, flour, and a little tea or coffee, some sugar, and salt—to these can be added anything which suggests itself. For cooking, one can use from a frying pan and one tin cup to a cooking stove and a dinner set. I think, however, that it is a mistake to carry too much paraphernalia, as one goes to the wilds to lead a simple life. All arrangements must be made long beforehand and an understanding arrived at as to whether the guide provides food for the sportsman or vice versa. In the East, guides are usually paid much less than in the West, probably half, and a canoe takes the place of horses. Of course the amount of baggage transported by manual labor should be as limited as possible. Should there be several members of the party, one cook would be sufficient, but each must have his guide. The price of a game license varies from one to one hundred dollars, depending upon the State and the status of the applicant, the resident paying the smaller amount and the foreigner the larger.

With regard to the season, it is better, when wapiti shooting, to go early than late because trav-

elling and camping are much pleasanter when the weather is fine than after it has broken, and because many hunters enter the field as soon as the season opens, and the later arrival will find the game shy and his opportunities scarce until after a heavy fall of snow. Again, mule deer shooting is better after snow, as the big bucks are brought down by it from the high mountains, and their tracks can easily be seen.

No matter what the sportsman's record has been, throughout the West he will probably be considered a tenderfoot, and be imposed upon as such, and should his thirst for knowledge make him very inquisitive, he may acquire a store of useless information. One finds the frontier rancher, as a rule, a first-rate fellow, and generous to a fault. But while some of the guides have only one object in view, and that is giving satisfaction to their employers, there are others who feel that the longer they keep the stranger wandering in the wilderness the greater will be their own reward.

The substance of three of these chapters was published in the *Field* some time ago, and I am indebted to its editors for permission to make use of them here. I am also indebted to the friends who have given me photographs when my own were failures.



# SPORT IN QUEBEC







## SPORT IN QUEBEC

We had just landed on a picturesque little island in Lake Edward for lunch, and the guide had lit the fire and put on the frying pan. I was sitting on a log near by trying to remember what the French for frying pan was, as I wanted to ask him what he was going to put into it. I had toiled all morning trying to catch one of the beautiful char for which this lake is justly famous, but without success. Every sort of fly and lure at my command had been used, but there had been neither rise nor nibble. Of course I knew that at this season—June—they would not rise, but are generally taken with the troll. Their food being supplied by springs at the bottom, they are only attracted by a well sunk lure, but as we had trolled for miles and miles without result, I thought I would try the fly for an hour before lunch. Finding my knowledge of French unsuitable for present wants, I watched the man. He took from his pocket a piece of stick and from this he unwound some line, at the end of which was a coarse hook. On this he put a piece of bacon, and fastening his line to a willow, he cast. Instantly he hooked a trout, nearly a pound in weight, which was transferred to the pan after being suitably prepared. My guide was a morose and uncivil man. I had

talked to him all the morning as we fished, and he had either not spoken at all, or had given answers which had no bearing on the subject. I have often noticed this when speaking to people in a language other than my own, probably due to their shyness. That very morning I had addressed the maid in French, and when I had finished she said: "A don't know a word you are sayin' for A come from County Donegall." This man had not that excuse. I must say that the lunch was excellent in spite of everything tasting of citronella, the oil of which was protecting me most efficiently from the flies which were in billions. During lunch a distinct cough was heard in the forest close at hand, and the guide said, "Caribou." I had made up my mind to try for caribou in October, expecting to be out in Canada again then, and had just been wondering which was the best place for them. This animal, coming on to us as it did, caused me to enquire as to the chances in Quebec, and my enquiring from the guide elicited the information that very fine heads were frequently killed there, and that the license permitted the killing of one moose as well as two caribou and two deer. I spent the afternoon trolling, using a very long line with a spoon, and sinking it well. We traversed some beautiful reaches of the lower lake without success, and then turned homeward. Within a few miles of our destination, and when having quite given up any idea of hooking a fish, I was revelling in the beauty of the surrounding forests as seen through a mist of mosquitoes, suddenly

there was a heavy tug at my line, and for a moment it looked as if I had hooked a snag. A very lively snag it proved to be, as a minute later it was taking my line all over the place. When at last I had it safely in the canoe, great was my joy as it was a four and one-half pound char, and the most gorgeous fish I had ever seen away from tropical waters. The back was a dark greenish colour with vermicular markings, and the sides were of the deepest crimson. The lower fins were also deep crimson, excepting along their margins which were ivory white. As for his shape, it was dreadful—he was a monstrosity, with the lower jaw turned up past the upper, and his depth out of all proportion to his length. Even the guide acknowledged that he was not beautiful. What a surprise it would be to have a brilliant creature like this rise to one's fly! Huge, gaudy specimens of "*Salvinas fontinalis*" have time and again been taken from the depths of this and other Laurentian lakes by trolling, and late in the season when they descend to their spawning beds, large fish may be killed with the fly at the discharges. Landing even one fair-sized fellow late in the evening, left the impression that the day had been a success from a fisherman's point of view.

From Lake Edward I went up to Roberval on Lake St. John, and down the Saguenay, enquiring at each place about the shooting, and the sum of my information was that the best place in the province for game was the Laurentides reservation. This was strictly preserved, but a few sportsmen



were allowed in every year. Having read the interesting books on Newfoundland by Millais and Selous, I had nearly made up my mind to go there. In Newfoundland there were caribou only, while in Quebec the moose were an additional attraction. The former was approached by uncomfortable steamers should the direct route from Glasgow be chosen, or by the long railway journey to Sydney and the disagreeable crossing to Port Aux Basque, should one go by New York or Quebec, while the reservation was within a few hours of the latter city. The scenery in the Quebec forests was finer, the lakes and rivers were more suitable for canoes, and it was much easier arranging about guides. Between October 1 and 20 the season in Newfoundland was closed, and that was just about the pleasantest time to shoot. Last, and by no means least, I had often been in Newfoundland, but never off the beaten track in Quebec. Through the kindness of Mr. W. C. Hall, who has charge of the Crown lands, I obtained permission to shoot in the Government reservation which lies west of the Saguenay River. This extends north nearly to Lake St. John and south to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while on the west it is bounded by a number of private parks lying along the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. In this park of over three thousand square miles the hand of man has wrought few changes, and the greatest care has been taken to preserve the game and timber from destruction.

In the autumn when coming up the Gulf, and after passing Heath Point, we ran into a gale;



this was followed by heavy rain, in which I landed at Quebec on October 1. The next day, Friday, was also wet and cold. It looked and felt as if winter had set in. Leaving England late in September one generally finds the delightful Indian summer on arriving in Canada, so this rain was a great disappointment. However, I have never allowed the weather to interfere with any of my trips by land or sea, so I secured my license, tent, bedding, and cooking utensils, also a collapsible sheet-iron stove, which, with a few lengths of pipe weighed very little. In putting one of these stoves up, four pegs are driven into the ground and it is set upon these legs. The sides and ends are then opened, and a shovel full of sand put inside to keep them up. The top fits on like a lid, and when the pipe is attached to this a roaring fire may be had in a few minutes. It is necessary to have a key put into one of the lengths of pipe, otherwise the fire will burn too fast. So many people secure camping outfits in Quebec, that any sporting supply shop can give one a list of his requirements and furnish them in thirty minutes. I ordered provisions for three men for ten days, and when shown the list added a few extras.

When one is travelling where the supplies must be carried by man, part of, or all the way, it behooves him to be careful about his selection. Saturday was another cold and wet day so I added considerably to my kit and with everything from a sou'wester to waterproof boots of a moccasin type, might have been outfitting for a Cape Horn voyage instead of

for a few Indian Summer days in the woods. I was told to be sure to have my moccasins large enough, so those procured were quite roomy enough to include two pairs of socks, but even these proved too small, as they shrank considerably after being wet.

Mr. Hall kindly wired for two guides to meet me at Metabetchuan on Sunday morning, and also arranged for two buckboards to convey my party and my supplies to Lac de La Belle Rivière, the end of the wagon road. I left Quebec on Saturday night and arrived at Metabetchuan on Sunday morning at six. There I was met by the genial proprietor of the local hotel, who assumed charge of myself and effects and who took no end of trouble in getting me safely off by nine o'clock. I liked the look of my guides, Dalle and Semond, and it has never been my luck to travel with men who would do as much hard work in a day. They were always ready and very cheerful. I had bought supplies for three men for ten days, but now the two buckboard men had to be provided for while going into, and coming back from the lake. We hunted up the "boulanger," procuring from him a sack of loaves. The bakery was a very quaint and primitive place, being a long low addition to the back of the dwelling house through which it was entered. It being Sunday, the supply of bread on hand was enormous, as the country people coming in to church were in the habit of buying large quantities. Owing to the shops being shut, it was impossible to procure any more green pork, the

staple dish of the habitant, so on the way we called at a number of farmhouses and at last secured a supply of butter. As it turned out, this was unnecessary, but one must always provide for the possibility of not getting game.

The town of Metabetchuan is situated on Lake St. John and can be reached from Quebec directly by rail, or by boat up the Saguenay and then by rail from Chicoutimi. It is absolutely French. Very few of the inhabitants understand one word of English. About four miles to the south, wooded hills could be seen, but the flat country between these and the lake had been cleared and a fairly high standard of cultivation prevailed, while neat and prosperous-looking houses occurred every few hundred yards. When I left the railway, there was not a cloud in the sky and the weather remained perfect during the trip. The forest began at the hills—one could climb the fence surrounding a well-cultivated field and drop into primeval forest on the other side. We could form an idea of how densely populated the flat country was by the number of conveyances we met filled to overflowing with men, women, and children going to church. A sawmill marked the end of the good road, as after this it became one of the worst possible, being simply a broad lane cut through the timber. Passing wheels had cut two ruts where rock permitted, and the higher one wheel would rise going over a stone the lower the other would sink. When one considers that it had been pouring for a week, the condition of affairs may be imagined. Bridges



were washed out and cutting logs for repairs occasioned long delays.

It was well on in the afternoon when we halted for dinner at Caribou Lake. This was a circular sheet of water half a mile across and surrounded by very dense forests. We selected a small clearing close to the water and there dined. The surroundings were very picturesque, and the guides told me that caribou were often found there. After dinner I walked some distance around the lake and examined every open place for tracks, but not finding anything of interest, returned to the party. Leaving the lake, for some miles I tried walking and wading instead of attempting to sit on the seat of a buckboard—and found it much pleasanter. Sometimes the road was straight for miles, with great pools of water rendering it almost impassable, and I found out then how useful and comfortable the big waterproof moccasins were. When within a few miles of the end of our journey, we met the old Garde de Parc, who was exceedingly courteous, and offered me his cabin for the night.

It was almost sundown before we arrived at Lac de La Belle Rivière, and there the buckboard men camped for the night intending to return next day. I told them I would send a man to Metabetchuam on foot who would bring them back when they were wanted, as I could not be sure of the day of my return. The baggage was transferred to an eighteen-foot canoe and in this we went up the lake for about a mile to the cabin of the Garde. Of





THE CABIN OF THE GUARDIAN  
AN OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION



all the modes of travel known to me, that by canoe is the most comfortable. The voyageur can sit up, or recline at any angle, and the amount of cargo one of these craft can carry is amazing. The cabin was a one-roomed affair; in it there were two beds of boughs, and the whole place was saturated with the delightful odor of spruce. I chopped wood while the guides were unloading, and in a very short time a fire was roaring in the stove and supper was being prepared. After this we sat outside and smoked while the long twilight lasted.

It is customary to supply one's guides with tobacco, and the plugs were often refused with "*Merci beaucoup, cela suffit,*" which rather staggered me, as I had never before met guides who would refuse anything. Their own tobacco interested me very much, consisting as it did of dry green leaves and stalks broken up into big pieces and carried loose in a paper bag. They told me that by the next night, we should be in the moose country and that we might see caribou on the way. I turned in early and slept well on my spruce boughs.

On Monday at 5:00 A. M., the men were stirring, and by six, we were at breakfast; half an hour later we were off down the lake. There was not a ripple; there was not a cloud, and the brilliant colouring of the forest could be seen above the slowly dispersing bank of vapour which lay along the shore. The silence was broken only by the wild note of the great northern diver. Several of these birds could be seen some distance down the lake.

Dalle told me that they nested on many of the islands in these lakes and that he had often found them with their large drab eggs.

About a mile from the cabin we ran into the shore and with canoe and baggage proceeded to negotiate the portage of about one mile to a lake above. Dalle, picking up the canoe, put it upside down on his head and marched off, while Semond proceeded with my help to pile up a tremendous load, probably 120 pounds or more in weight, upon his head, and having lit his pipe and adjusted his head strap, started also. Making my way to the front, I led, carrying a 30-40 Winchester, and examining the ground carefully for tracks. A second trip was necessary before we had everything on board at the upper lake, and then a delightful paddle of a couple of miles brought us to another portage, a short one, to Petit Lac des Cèdres. This time, we started in the stream a short distance below the lake, and the canoe, having a heavy load, was not easy to manage, as the water was exceedingly rough. Every eddy had to be taken advantage of, and sometimes in crossing a bad rapid from one to the other, we seemed in danger of being swamped, but with lightning paddle strokes, now here, now there, the clever habitants brought us in safety to the placid lake.

At the upper end of this lake, the timber was very heavy, and the portage, which was about a mile long, led through it to Grande Lac des Cèdres, the most beautiful sheet of water possible. It was several miles long by perhaps one mile wide, and

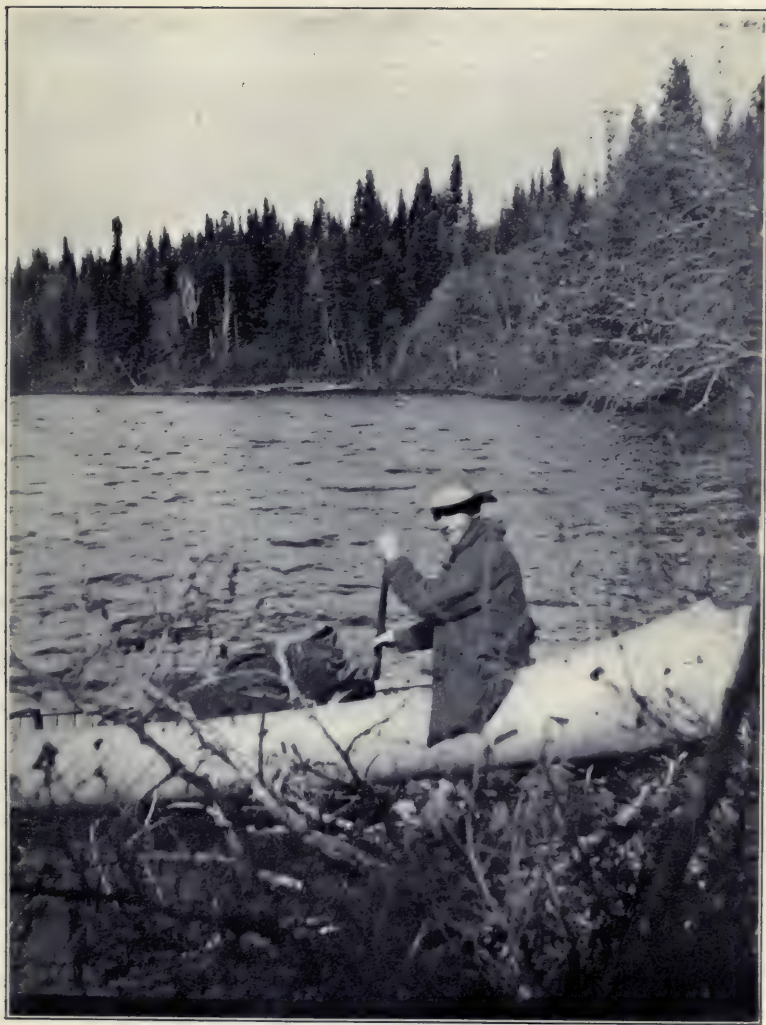


a haze hung low on the more shaded shore, representing the heavy fog of early morning. The foliage was golden yellow alternating with green, while mountain ash with its crimson berries grew down to the water's edge, and one could have imagined the whole laid out for effect. Here again the loon was in evidence, and the calls of the birds in sight were answered by those unseen in hidden bays.

Reaching the end of the lake, we made a fire and had lunch, as the next portage, to Lac Long, was two and a half miles, and would take the remainder of the day. We were now in good caribou country, so after lunch I went ahead with my rifle. Tracks were constantly seen, but not many of them were very fresh; however, it encouraged me to find even this evidence of game. The portage for the first mile was up hill. At the top, the canoe and packs were deposited, and the guides returned for the balance, while I continued to follow the trail in the hope of seeing game. At first the walking was good, but fallen timber and plenty of water soon made it bad. In less than a mile, I reached a lake surrounded by moss-grown swamps. It was about five hundred yards each way, and there was a great deal more swamp than lake. This place looked ideal for caribou, so after surveying it, I turned into the timber along its margin, and very soon found the fresh tracks of a herd, and also the places where they had been lying down. All these signs made me very keen, and the desire to bag a buck before the guides arrived, led me on.

The time passed quickly as I wandered over the springy moss, and it was not until an impassable creek with soft peaty banks was reached that I realised the hour and started on the return journey. Arriving back at the trail I followed it to Lac Long, where I found the canoe and the first installment of the baggage. The light was failing when the men arrived so we embarked at once. We passed a number of beaver houses which were all occupied, and there was a great deal of timber lying about which had been felled by them. Some of these trees were five or six inches in diameter. There were a number of pieces several feet long lying at the place from which we started, and the tooth marks of the little animals were distinctly visible on their tapering ends, while some of the chips lying around and also tooth marked, gave one a good idea of how much could be chiselled off at one bite by an industrious beaver. Lac Long and a great many of the other lakes appeared to have been either formed or greatly increased in depth by beaver dams.

As we passed down the lake for a mile or so the water was like a mirror, and the reflection of the trees was beautiful in the evening light. We landed on the north side of it half a mile from the end. While Dalle unloaded the canoe, Semond and myself, taking the tent, selected a site for camp on a small clearing ten feet above the water. We picked out two little spruce trees a dozen feet apart, and trimming the lower branches off the opposing sides spread them on the ground. A ridge pole was



COMING INTO THE PORTAGE





then cut and run through the hole at each end of the tent. This was stuck in the trees and the flaps and side ropes pegged out. By this time our effects had arrived, so Semond, putting up the stove and lighting the fire, prepared supper, while Dalle and myself cut boughs for beds. Large branches went down first, and then the smaller, while little tips being closely thatched upon these made springy mattresses.

After dinner, we smoked and discussed the possibilities of the morrow. I learned that a mile away to the west the country was covered with fallen timber, through which a growth of maple had sprung up, and that this was the best moose country, as they loved the leaves of the young trees. It was proposed that we should make this spot our headquarters until I secured my moose head, and that we should then try for caribou elsewhere.

Long before dawn on Tuesday morning the fragrant smell of breakfast filled the tent, and as the sun rose we were paddling to the west end of the lake. We made our way up a small stream for a short distance and landed in a swamp, where there were a few scattered trees. With Semond carrying the canoe, we waded through this until we reached a hill covered with dead standing timber. This we hunted carefully, and arriving at the summit, sat down and surveyed the country. For miles in front, and to right and left, there was not a tree standing except along Rivier de Lac Canoe, to which we were going, and in some of the little gulches; but in the far distance the gorgeous col-

ouring of the standing forest covering the hills could be seen. It was a rolling country and ideal for still hunting, as each elevation commanded several little valleys.

Having rested, and assured ourselves that there was nothing in sight, we descended to the river and launched our canoe. I have never seen such abundant evidence of beaver as there was there. Trees were cut down everywhere along the river, and fresh paths were seen running among the alders that fringed its banks, while houses were numerous. We paddled a mile or so, and landing, we left the boat and took to the hills once more. Walking now became difficult as the dead trees lay in a fearful tangle, but we kept it up for a couple of hours and then, resting on a hilltop, enjoyed the blueberries which grew in abundance everywhere. This was supposed to be a fine bear country, and as we sat there the guides pointed out to me the different places where they had seen them killed and told stories about the death of each. When shooting in a country, it is always more interesting to hear of the animals which have not been killed and which one may meet again in the flesh than of those which have gone.

As we had seen very few tracks since leaving camp, and as these had been old, I could not help wondering whether there was a living thing within miles of us except beaver. In fact, from what I could make out of their patois, I thought that this little discourse was by way of encouragement, so did not pay any particular attention to it.

Dalle, who had been examining the country with my glasses while he was talking, now suddenly announced that he saw a moose about a mile away. I took the glasses, but before I could find it, we started down the hill at a breakneck pace—one minute running along a fallen tree, and the next falling off a slippery log to be scratched by dead branches. On we went, however, and in half an hour we had succeeded in climbing over all intervening obstructions, and in a more or less bruised state, found ourselves where the moose had been. Careful examination revealed fresh tracks, and following these we ascended another low hill. Dalle led the way and I saw him suddenly drop and beckon me up. Looking over the top, in a little gulley 300 yards away, I saw my first bull moose walking about among some trees. I lay there for a few minutes watching him with my glasses. He looked very black and I could see his brown horns fanning up and down as he moved his head. A shot from where I was would have been uncertain in its results, unless he had come out of the timber, so Dalle tried calling with his birch bark horn to bring him nearer. To this, however, he paid no attention, and presently disappeared altogether up a side draw in the gulch. We waited for a few minutes and then, starting off to the left, made a detour and came to the hill commanding where the moose had disappeared. The little valley we had crossed was covered with fallen trees as was the side of the hill down which we ran, but in the excitement no one missed his footing. We ascended



the slope carefully, making as little noise as possible, and on reaching the summit, Dalle, who was again in advance, suddenly dropped back whispering, "voila."

Moving forward I saw the bull seventy-five yards away, looking straight in our direction, and an uncouth monster he appeared. However, I did not waste time admiring him, but put a bullet in his chest. He instantly swung around and plunged madly down the hill after the manner of deer shot in this way. I fired twice after him as he went, but the shots were difficult as he was pretty well hidden by brush. We all followed the wounded animal as fast as we could but before we were out of the scrub he had disappeared amongst the trees. These trees were a few which grew in a little hollow, and which had escaped when the country was burnt over years before.

Semond was the first into the timber. Presently we heard him shouting, and on going up we found him standing beside the bull which was lying on his back, dead, between two fallen trees. Great was the feeling of satisfaction with which I surveyed my first moose. The spread was over forty-seven inches, while the shovels were thirty-six, and there were twenty points, fifteen of which were long. As the wounded bull ran down the hill, a cow and calf emerged from the trees and ran away, but none of us watched them, as we were otherwise occupied.

It was now lunch time, so finding a rivulet near by we enjoyed the midday meal, after which the





MY MOOSE WHERE HE FELL  
OUR CAMP ON THE DES CEDRAS PORTAGE



moose was skinned and the horns removed; then some of the best of the meat was cut up and these things were arranged in packs for our return. Owing to the weight of the head the skull was not cut down the middle in the usual way, but chopped across in front of and behind the horns so as to reduce the weight to a minimum. Packs were now shouldered and we started back to where we had left the canoe several miles off. The afternoon was well spent before we arrived at the river, and getting everything on board, we paddled down towards the portage. A dense growth of alders on each side obstructed the view, but occasionally we passed a game trail leading through and away from the water.

When we had accomplished about half the distance, happening to glance through one of these breaks as we passed, I caught a glimpse of several moose quite close. Whispering to the men, they ran the canoe in to the shore and we all three landed and crawled quietly through the alders. There, within a hundred yards of us, stood a splendid bull, with his head in the opposite direction, and near him stood a cow and calf, also looking away from us. The wind was favorable, so we watched them for some minutes. It was intensely interesting to examine closely with glasses these strange-looking animals. The bull was a beauty—if such a word could be used in describing a moose. His shovels were broad, and the points good, while his body looked very black and the horns a rich brown. All three animals stood with their heads to the wind



for some time, but presently the calf looked around, then the mother, and a minute later they trotted off, while the bull never moved until one of the guides gave a moose call. Then he turned and I thought would charge, but after surveying us for a few minutes, he trotted off in the clumsiest possible way over the fallen timber and we soon saw all three going over the hill. Proceeding to the portage, we left the horns and scalp, and taking the canoe climbed over the hill to Lac Long and were soon back in camp. Two friendly jays had arrived, and the moment the moose steaks were cut, they proceeded to help themselves from what was left, nor were they sensitive about sticks being thrown at them, for there they were ready for breakfast next morning.

Only those who have experienced it can appreciate the feeling of satisfaction with which the hunter returns to camp after a successful day's work. Even the discomfort of snow or rain are nothing when weighed in the balance. How satisfactory the dinner is, how good the coffee and tobacco and how perfect the bed, whether it be sagebrush, sand or spruce. This was an ideal camp overlooking a beautiful lake, so the satisfaction was pronounced, and after a delightful night's rest, I was quite ready for the caribou country on Wednesday morning. The caribou are found in forests where the trees are lichen covered, and in mossy swamps, while, at this season, the moose prefers the sweet after-growth among the dead timber, and as they



do not agree well at any rate, they are seldom seen together.

Breakfast being over, Semond took Dalle and myself to the east end of the lake with the boat, after which he returned to the west for the moose head we had left at Canoe River. This, with the entire camp, he moved during the day to about a mile along the Des Cèdres portage, so that when evening came, we were so far on the return journey. After leaving the canoe we walked back to where I had seen the fresh tracks two days before, then keeping the wind right, proceeded very cautiously, occasionally going to the edge of the swamp and looking over it. Arriving at the stream, which I had formerly been unable to cross, a likely tree was picked out and felled so as to form a bridge over which we passed.

Plunging into the dense forest beyond, we wandered about for some hours. Occasionally Dalle would give a caribou call—it was a sort of cough and very easy to imitate. Suddenly about one hundred yards away we saw three very grey looking animals running backwards and forwards through the timber. We stood absolutely still and called. Instantly the deer stopped and turning around galloped back to within fifty yards of us. They were a buck and two does, but the buck had a poor head, so I let him pass, and in a minute they darted off to be called back a second time. Then I moved a little and they disappeared for good. The guide told me that he could always call caribou at this

season and that he had frequently stood quite still and brought them within a few paces, when the wind was right. The caribou has a keen sense of smell, and like most of the other members of his tribe objects much more to human scent than to man's appearance.

We lunched by a spring at the edge of a meadow which was probably a mile and a half long by a mile wide. The moss was deep and springy, and game trails existed in every direction. A few small spruce were scattered about over the meadow and the whole was surrounded by densely wooded hills. The place was ideal for game and I saw several little trees which the deer had used for rubbing the velvet off their horns. We hunted around thoroughly for some hours without seeing anything and then turned toward the portage.

About 4:00 P. M., we were almost at our starting point, when I saw two grouse sitting on the ground and another on a branch a few feet above. I was looking for something to throw at them and Dalle was a little way off trying to find a suitable place to cross the stream. I heard him give a call, which was immediately answered on the hill beyond and the breaking of branches told us that a caribou was coming in our direction. Presently I made him out indistinctly, as the alders by the stream were dense; when he reached them he halted, and I saw that he had horns of fair size, so firing at him, he fell with a crash. We found a beaver dam and, crossing it, came to the deer. He was a fine buck in perfect condition, very grey and with a

beautiful little head—anything but typical. There were twenty-two points and no shovels, but the beam was ribbon-like, the color yellow, and the symmetry beautiful—in fact, I never saw such a pretty head for its size. My bullet had broken his neck, and the animal had fallen head first down a steep place, burying his horns deeply in the soft ground near the stream.

Semond had heard the shot, so he came up and assisted in skinning, while I recrossed the stream to look for the grouse. The two birds were still walking about where I had left them, so they were promptly bagged for supper. Most of these American grouse are stupid, and will watch their friends being executed with the greatest interest, making no effort to escape their own turn. These were the only grouse I saw on this trip. They were once very numerous here, but of late years had become scarce. The only birds seen by me in a week were a few great northern divers, several pairs of jays, these grouse, and a few tits of sorts. Squirrels enlivened the forest with their chatter, and were exceedingly numerous. It is a great pleasure watching one of these friendly and inquisitive creatures. It will come within a few feet of a motionless observer and then dart off up a tree, from behind the trunk of which it will survey him for a while, finally coming back beside him and proceeding with its business of arranging winter supplies.

When the men had finished their operation, we “hit the trail” for camp and found Semond had



selected the site with great judgment. The forest was very dense, so he made a clearing near a small stream and the place had a cosey look. He had stretched the moose skin and scalp on poles, cut fire wood, and arranged spruce boughs for beds. Moose steaks and grouse were soon frying, and a cheerful fire burned outside, while within the tent the stove shed warmth, if not radiance. I had had two pleasant days certainly, and felt fortunate in having so soon secured a moose and caribou. Thursday morning was fine as all the others had been. Dalle and myself got away about seven, leaving Semond to bring in the caribou and then to take everything we could spare to Lac des Cèdres.

Again, we came cautiously down upon the swamp nearest camp and surveyed it carefully without seeing anything. Then we went off to the large meadow visited the day before, and crossing this, wandered over several ranges of wooded hills, having between them moss-grown swamps. We reached a hill at last, the top of which was bare, and from which a splendid view was obtained. At its base lay a long narrow meadow through which meandered a small stream with swampy banks. We sat and watched this meadow for an hour in the hope of seeing a herd of caribou wandering into it, but none came. Then, examining the entrance to this valley, we found it tremendously tracked up. These tracks led out at the other end, so we concluded that many of the animals had gone further south. Where we lunched, the blueberries grew





MOOSE HEAD  
CARIBOU HEAD



in great profusion, as they did in nearly every open dry place.

During the afternoon, we carefully beat the country which lay between this valley and camp, but without seeing hoof or feather. Arriving at our tent, we found that Semond had carried the canoe and horns, with everything else we could spare, to the lake as ordered, so as to lighten the burdens in the morning, as we decided to move back to La Belle Rivière the following day. On Friday morning, starting before the others, I took another look at the nearby meadow, but again it was empty, so taking a route through the forest which was about parallel with the trail, I hunted carefully for a couple of hours without seeing any very fresh tracks. Arriving close to the canoe at Lac des Cèdres, I found that the men had everything on board and were waiting. We landed on a rocky island and took photos, none of which came out, as something had been left undone; then we pushed on and arrived at the end of Lac de La Belle Rivière at sundown. Here we made our final camp and the next morning Semond was dispatched to Metabetchuan for the buckboards.

Dalle took me up the lake to try for caribou once more. As I intended following the setting sun much further west than Quebec, and as the season was getting late, this was to be my last day. We landed on the south side, some distance up, and following a nice-looking trout stream for some miles, came to a splendid meadow in which there was no game. Travelling through the forest is an amuse-

ment compared with strolling by a stream in this country, as the growth of alders and brush by the stream is almost impenetrable, so the relief was great when at last we emerged upon this springy meadow. After a short rest, we struck into the forest. The walking was much worse here than where we had been a few days before, owing to the amount of fallen timber covered with slippery moss and lichen, and to the boggy nature of the ground. Game tracks were few and we worked hard all day without seeing anything. I think Dalle took me through the alders that morning just to show me what difficult travelling it was, for we returned to the canoe by a much better route.

When we arrived at camp we found the horses and buckboards there, and that the industrious Semond had cooked a splendid dinner for us, which was ready to serve. After dinner, for an hour, I witnessed an aurora display which I had never seen surpassed, even in high latitudes. It seemed out of place in this gorgeous country on an almost summer's night. One expected to hear the creak of rafting ice, or the boom of a splitting berg, but the gurgling of water in La Belle Rivière, as it left the lake, was the only sound. Our camp this night was exceedingly comfortable, as the ground upon which the tent was pitched was high and dry. It was also beautifully situated, with a very gaudy, hard-wood forest behind, and the river, as it flowed from the lake front. The cheerful habitants sang until late and I could not help thinking how happy they were, living their childlike lives.





THROUGH FALLEN TIMBER



In the morning I went over to the cabin of the Garde de Parc, to bid him adieu, but found him from home; however, as doors were not locked in that neighborhood, I entered and left a note of thanks. All were ready to start on my return, and as the country had dried up wonderfully since coming in, we made good time over the road on which there was not a single pool. When about half way we halted for lunch. At this place there was a rocky hillside, in the crevices of the rocks numbers of stunted blueberry bushes were growing, and producing a plentiful crop of fruit. Instead of luxuriant bushes bearing little fruit, these were stunted bushes with a great crop, so they supplied us with a very good dessert.

We arrived at Metabetchuan in the afternoon, and with regret, and a determination to return for another moose, I bade my guides "au revoir," and took the train for Quebec.

I asked some people, who should be well informed on the subject, how the Quebec caribou heads compared with those of the same species elsewhere, and was told that nothing could be finer than trophies which had been obtained a little south and east of where we had hunted, but I have never seen anything so fine as those obtained by Selous and Milais in Newfoundland. To secure such prizes, however, a prolonged trip must be arranged to the southern part of the island, as the deer that make the northern part of Newfoundland their summer range and migrate south across the railway in the autumn, have been pretty well

picked over ere now. Very few Virginian deer are found on the north shore of the Gulf, but they are exceedingly abundant on the south side, and with any luck a couple of fair heads can be easily obtained in a few days. I learned that shooting on the north shore of Lake St. John was very poor, which was curious, as the region was almost entirely uninhabited.



## MULE DEER SHOOTING





MULE DEER HEAD  
MULE DEER HEAD





## MULE DEER SHOOTING

The mule deer (*C. Macrotis*) is the largest of the three smaller deer found in America north of the Mexican line. Its large ears readily distinguish it from either the white tail (*C. Virginianus*) or the black (*C. Columbianus*). The black tail is not found, so far as I know, in the region inhabited by the mule deer, but the white tail sometimes is. All over the intermountain country, however, the common name for the mule is the black tail to distinguish it from the white tail, or river deer.

There is a good reason for the mule deer's local name—it has a black tip to its tail, and this is very much in evidence, surrounded as it is with white hair, while the Pacific Coast deer has a perfectly black tail. The antlers of the mule deer vary greatly in big heads, but the smaller ones are all very much alike, in that they lie back and not forward, as in the white tail, and that the beam bifurcates, and that these bifurcations bifurcate again; while the beam of the white tail curves forward and the tines stick up from this curve. I have sometimes seen mule deer heads assume the later type. Exceptional and freak heads exist—the most beautiful I have ever seen being one owned by myself. This head was shot by a rancher on the borders of Colorado and Utah. He nailed it

to his barn—a very common custom—and fortunately before doing so gave it several coats of paint. When general painting was being done around the place, the horns were not forgotten, and they were a brilliant pink when I saw them. Joe McDonald, the man who shot the deer, gave me the head because I “took such a fancy to it,” and I had no difficulty in having the paint removed and the head properly mounted.

Sometimes these deer are found in the timber and sometimes in the open. During the heat of the day, one often finds them in the timber, but they abound over great areas of scrub grown country where trees are few and far between.

Deciding to secure a couple of heads, I made inquiries, and hearing Colorado and Utah spoken of, found myself with two friends on a Denver & Rio Grande train approaching Mounds Station, Utah. It was 2:00 A. M. and the negro porter had just turned us out of bed. A few minutes later we were yawning and shivering upon the platform in a bitterly cold wind. The kind-hearted station master opened the door of an empty out-house which he told us we might occupy, so we pulled our bedding in and were soon asleep again.

The cold awoke me about dawn, so taking my gun, I went off and had a pleasant morning shooting rabbits, of which there were great numbers. The noise brought the others out, and we all shot rabbits, jacks and cottontails, until breakfast was ready at the section house near by. We sent a man for a wagon to a ranch and presently it came



CLIFF DWELLINGS

CLIFF DWELLINGS FURTHER SOUTH





and in it we started for Whittimore Canyon, some twenty miles away in the Book-cliff Mountains. We halted for lunch and were hospitably entertained at the Scott-Elliot ranch about noon and by evening we had reached the canyon.

The country between the railway and the mountains was flat, sagebrush grown, and uninteresting, but it improved from a scenic point of view when the mountains were reached. Cedars now began to appear and on the rolling foothills there was quite a growth of them. Some small scattered ranches and an occasional corral for stock might be found wherever there was a little water, but for the most part the country was uninhabited and arid. Along the Book-cliff range there is some rather fine rock scenery, as the mountains present a precipitous face to the desert, broken here and there by erosion. In a few places the residences of a departed race—the cliff dwellers—may be seen perched on wind-swept ledges at a dizzy height.

Weather, erosion, and human industry combined, had removed a quantity of soft material from between harder strata, and on the ledges thus formed the houses were constructed by facing the cavity with stone. These dwellings were dry, and the views from them were remarkably fine, but life in one would not be unmixed with anxiety for the woman with a large family of climbing boys. In one which we examined, we were disappointed at not finding the mummified remains of the proprietor, but there had no doubt been other visi-

tors—was not this the land of the puma, the bobcat, and the coyote? We found, however, plenty of corncobs, buried beneath several inches of dust which had accumulated on the floor.

This is about as far north as these ruins occur and they are architecturally very inferior to those seen in the canyons of the Rio Grande and Rio Colorado, where houses of two or three stories, built of partially dressed stone, may be seen, and in some places well-built towers. The stones in all cases are laid up with clay which, drying out, has become very hard. Generally the doors and windows are square, with wooden lintels, but I saw one here in which the door was perfectly round, the clay forming the opening, being reinforced with small branches of cedar. Looking from below, it was the round black opening like a bull's-eye on the light coloured cliff that attracted our attention.

Dwellers on the cliffs had disappeared before historic times in the West, but their descendants still exist as the Pueblo Indians, who are undoubtedly the same race.

Entering the canyon we passed on the right a mound upon which there was a circle of stones, a further evidence of former occupation. We followed the course of a dry creek for some distance, then as it was getting dark, and as we had reached a little water, we camped. While our driver was looking after his horses we took up our quarters in the dry creek, where we were well sheltered from the wind by the banks, which were six or seven feet high. We built a fire of sage, which gives great

heat, but burns quickly, so after supper we added logs of cedar. I noticed that the stones which had been placed around this fire were soon blazing, owing to their impregnation with mineral oil. A coal prospector who lived in a cabin near by visited us and told us stories of deer stalking in the country around.

All hands were astir early, and after breakfast a move was made further up the canyon. I found a fresh deer's head stuck in the fork of a tree, which looked encouraging, but by lunch time we had seen no other more substantial signs than tracks. Going a little further, we camped again in a creek bed, where, however, some water was still flowing which supplied us. Having deposited our belongings, we determined to climb to a plateau on the south side of the canyon before dark and to see whether deer tracks were numerous and recent. The ascent was steep, but the view from the top was fine. We looked away west over the Utah Desert and east to a rugged mountain range. Owing to the arrangement of the strata on the cliffs bounding this range on the west, the name Book-cliff was applied to these mountains. We found fresh deer tracks everywhere, but as it was getting late we returned to camp to have a good rest before the morrow's chase. As there were lots of cottonwoods growing by the creek, the fire was a success, but a camp in a narrow canyon is always weird and this was no exception.

Next morning we were up and off very early and the plateau was reached shortly after dawn. We



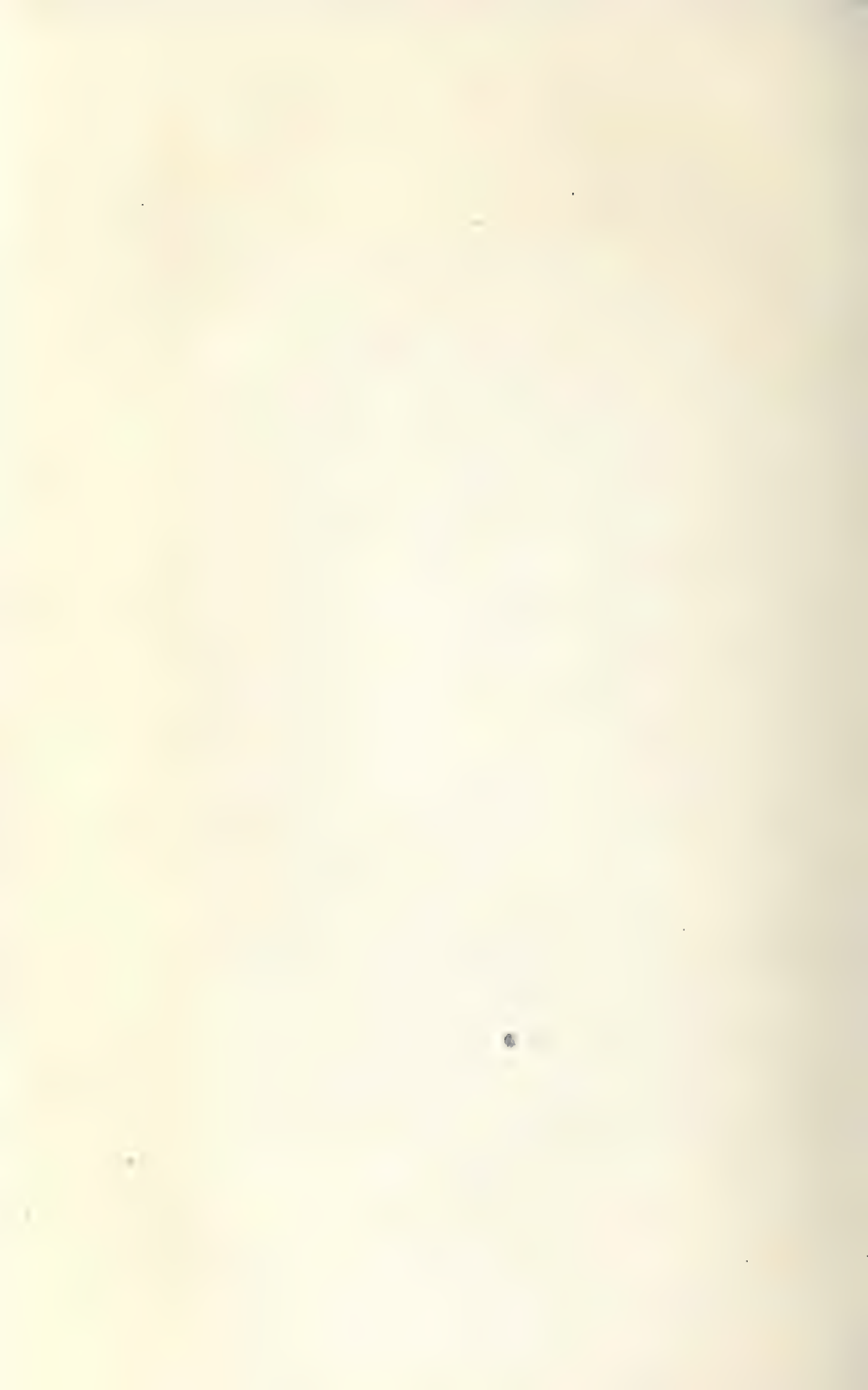
advanced cautiously, but saw nothing until noon, when we met an old man who was also stalking, and who, while we were at lunch, described to us hunts he had had at this very place. I bagged a blue grouse, and afterwards Hayward went off with the stranger while we proceeded along the north side of the flat and beat all the cover we could find. Evidently deer had been there, but having been hunted had left the country. We descended a rock slide to camp toward dark and were ready for the dinner which we ourselves had to prepare. Our driver took little interest in sport or cooking and was of no service as a guide. Hours passed before our other man arrived. He had bagged a fine young buck and had employed the old hunter to take it down on his pack horse, which caused the delay. The old man agreed with us that this place had been overhunted, so we decided to try another, as there was no use wasting time.

The hard day's work warranted a good night's rest, but as breakfast had to be prepared by ourselves, we were early astir, and we struck camp about 10:00 A. M. Going down a canyon is very different from going up and we travelled to the mouth of this one before halting for lunch. At the railway one of the party, having killed his buck, left us, but Hughes and myself were determined to try the Rio Blanco country in Colorado as we were so close to it. Our idea was to take the stage from Rifle to Meeker, and to shoot in that neighborhood.





A FRONTIER RANCH



It rained and snowed all night and when the train arrived at Rifle several hours late, we found that the Meeker stage had departed. The country was covered with snow, which was deep on the mountains, but while this was good for the shooting it added nothing to the comfort of the trip. Finding a livery stable I interviewed the proprietor, intending to hire a conveyance which would take us to Meeker. The man was very honest and said that with the heavy snow the deer would be "crossing" and that the shooting would be good much nearer. Heavy storms drive the game from the mountains to the low sheltered country and the sportsman just then would be reasonably sure of a shot within a few miles of Rifle. He suggested Dickinson's Ranch on Pi-ci-ance Creek as a likely place, so a wagon was hired and with our effects loaded upon it, we departed.

The country was hilly, but the road good. As we went along, the stage driver pointed out places where he had killed deer and gave us an interesting account of the game resources of the neighbourhood. The day was nearly spent as we crossed a low divide and drove down to the ranch, which was near Pi-ci-ance Creek and at the upper end of a narrow valley. As we had made no arrangements in advance, we were surprised to find that we could get beds there and the proprietor soon made us comfortable in every way. Deer stalking stories, sounding like exaggerations, were told by the many sportsmen assembled, as we sat around the stove and smoked; but as is usual in camp, we

retired early. Long before sunrise the more energetic members of the party were astir. Horses were saddled by breakfast time, and immediately after that meal we started.

As there were not enough guides to go around, H. and myself were obliged to hunt alone. I rode about half a mile back towards the divide and then struck up a very steep, scrub-oak grown gulch to my right. The end of this gulch was almost at the top of a range of hills several hundred feet high. The first glimpse of sunshine was lighting the tops of the hills as I neared the summit, so dismounting and leading my horse I cautiously climbed up and looked over. Before me on a plateau a hundred yards across were six deer, probably not fifty yards away. They were does, but as I had never before been so close to a wild mule deer it was a pleasure watching them in the sunshine. Presently they winded me and bolted. Had I been looking for venison only I could have killed one and brought it back to the ranch before the sun shone on the valley. Certainly this was luck and very encouraging.

Crossing the plateau the other side of the hills was seen. It was covered with scrub-oak, and from it a low range branched off at right angles. Draws and gulches ran down these hills, having oak on the sides facing north, while on the south they were almost bare. I decided to travel along the top of this range and carefully hunt the draws running down from it. Leading the horse through



the dense scrub with difficulty, I got down and proceeded along the crest. The valley on my right was too tame-looking for game, but on the left at the foot of the hills a little creek ran, and immediately beyond it a very steep timber-clad country which looked attractive. I had not gone very far when, four or five hundred yards in front of me, about twenty deer appeared. They had been disturbed in some of the side gullies and had bolted. I saw some of them carrying horns and I fired several times at one of these but without success.

Deciding that the horse was a nuisance when still-hunting, and that the top of the ridge was a bad place, I descended towards the creek. When about half way down, I stopped, and with glasses looked over the side of the hill opposite. At least twenty deer were in sight among the scattered pines. The long white hair on either side of the black tail was very easily seen; in fact, it was the white spot on the hillside which attracted the eye. Finding a grove of cedars, I tied up the horse, and following a game-path along the hillside, tried to get opposite a buck, but probably he could see me on the comparatively bare slope more distinctly than I could see him among the pines; so although I spent a good deal of time stalking him and fired at long range, I had nothing to show for it. Hitherto the shooting had been bad, not a single animal having been killed by any man at the ranch before our arrival, so my seeing such numbers of deer was due, beyond a doubt, to the snow of the

previous two nights. It was curious that although I had seen about fifty deer, only four or five were bucks.

Starting north I carefully beat a number of draws, going cautiously from one over to another, but my shooting had probably driven everything off, so I decided to leave the horse where he was, cross the creek, climb through the wood and see what was beyond, toward the west. I followed the stream, which had only an inch of water, some distance south and at last found a little gully, so proceeded up it. Almost at once I came across the perfectly fresh tracks of a large puma. Following these carefully, and scanning every likely ridge of rocks or limb of tree, I reached a place where the timber had disappeared on my right and quaking asp had taken its place. Almost at the top, but among the aspens, I saw five deer looking at me. One was a buck and the distance was about one hundred and fifty yards. Leaning the rifle on a branch to make absolutely sure of my shot, I fired and the deer instantly bounded out of sight over the top. What had happened? How could I have missed? I had shot large numbers of animals and had missed few shots like this.

Climbing up among the aspens, I searched where the beast had been, but there was no blood on the snow to suggest a hit and that was the end of it. I followed the puma tracks until I reached the top of this range of hills and as the snow had been blown from there, I lost them. Again, I found a series of draws running down towards the west,

and examined these one after the other, for some distance, missing a very difficult cross shot at a fast running deer in one of them, then retracing my steps, about noon, I circled through a patch of timber on a steep hillside. This was the only dense grove of pines in the neighbourhood, and when I was in the middle of it, deer got up all around me, perhaps a dozen or more, but they were all does. Certainly this was a great day for deer, but bucks were scarce, and my shooting had been remarkably bad; however, it had been a most enjoyable morning and the afternoon was to come.

After luncheon, I made my way back to the top of the first range I had climbed. It ran parallel with the road to Rifle and was very precipitous on the side next to the road. Tracks were scarce here, the deer had evidently not climbed the steep place, so I turned north once more into the gulch near which my horse was tied. All the draws on this hillside were now carefully searched but nothing was seen until late in the afternoon when, going down a narrow canyon, I caught sight of a buck and doe on the hillside far above me. The buck was a very large one, but the head was not heavy, although the spread was good. I fired at him several times before finding out my range. The shooting confused them both, and they ran backward and forward without attempting to go up or down. Presently my bullet hitting a dry place kicked up dust under the buck's neck, and the next shot brought him down the hill, head over heels, until he lodged in a scrub-oak. This was





a very heavy deer with a symmetrical eight-point head and a spread of twenty-four inches.

After dressing him and marking the place, I found my horse, about dark, and returned to the ranch, having seen as much game as I ever saw before in one day and having had a great deal of exercise. H. had returned, having also bagged a buck with a small head, and strange to say, these were the only deer killed by any of the people at the ranch that day. A very large party of elk hunters arrived from Colorado points late at night, as the short open season for that animal began in two days, and they were bound for the Meeker country.

The following morning H. and myself were off together before daylight, having a man with us. My horse was the worst I ever rode; he either danced along sideways at about two miles an hour, or dashed at a breakneck rate. He was also gunshy, and the moment the rifle was touched, he circled around and danced in an exasperating way. I was in favor of hunting the same country I had been over the day before and H. thought his was better, so each took his own way, the guide going with H.

Deciding to hunt on foot, I tied my horse up on arriving at the plateau I had crossed the morning before, and examining the country with glasses, I made out some moving white spots a mile or so away to the north on the summit of a ridge. The wind was favorable, so I started towards them through the brush. Dropping down from the sum-



mit on to the ridge, the deer were soon lost sight of, and I spent an hour going towards them before they reappeared. Keeping a little way down from the top of the ridge I was continually going through scrub-grown hollows, or climbing over the shoulders separating them, always going up a shoulder carefully so as not to disturb what might be beyond. Looking into an unusually wide gulch, I saw a buck and two does at the other side of it. The horns were just the color of the scrub oak, and the buck was standing perfectly still and looking towards me. It was a beautiful shot at a little over one hundred yards, so I fired. The buck fell, and was quite dead when I reached it. The head was a nice little nine pointer, but the deer was much smaller than the one of the day before. Dressing it, and climbing to the top of the range, I examined the country, looking for H., but not seeing him, I went for my horse and brought him to the game.

After lunch I made an attempt to put the deer on the horse's back, but it was an utter failure, so I was obliged to leave it. Taking a new route, back, another little flock of deer appeared with only one buck in it, but I had now shot my limit so did not interfere with them. I arrived at the ranch before dark, but there was no one there who could go for the two bucks that night. H. returned late, having killed another deer, and we agreed that we had had two pleasant days on the Colorado mountains.

We started out the following morning to pick

up our game. H. had brought in his last kill, but his first and both of mine were still out, so with a guide and wagon, we proceeded down Pi-ci-ance creek, taking the more roundabout wagon road toward where our bucks lay. The hills rose high on our left and far up these were several moving white targets, indicating the presence of deer. We picked up the one shot by H. and then went after my first, which was easily found, owing to the presence of a flock of magpies. While this was being pulled down to the wagon, I went to look for my second. Approaching this, some moving object attracted my attention, and it turned out to be a golden eagle. The bird was inside of the carcass with the exception of its tail, and it was so busy tearing the kidney fat out that for a time it did not notice my arrival. The pony took in the situation and deciding that I should not have a shot, it pranced around until the amazed eagle withdrew itself from the deer and slowly took flight. I tried a shot, holding the rifle with one hand, but shooting with a heavy rifle from the back of a bucking bronco would have required the dexterity of a Buffalo Bill.

We arrived at the ranch in time for dinner and the afternoon stage from Meeker took H. to Rifle, while the game warden kindly drove me out, as the stage could only take one. The warden showed me a "wire" he had just received from Denver saying that the Ute Indians were off their reservation and slaughtering deer, so he was going to col-

lect a posse and "round them up." Thus ended a delightful few days spent in one of the best deer countries in America.





DUCK SHOOTING ON THE BEAR RIVER  
SWAMPS



## DUCK SHOOTING ON THE BEAR RIVER SWAMPS

Everyone interested in sport who has spent any time in America has heard of the Bear River duck shooting. It was my luck to be thrown in contact with Young, who had shot there often, and we arranged to visit the place together. He had told me of the thousands and thousands of birds killed every year; of the market hunters, who for weeks at a time killed several hundred a day per gun, and of the wonderful variety of birds to be seen.

On September the 29th we left the railway and drove some eighteen miles to a house near the mouth of the river where sportsmen could put up. Our road for the first few miles led through meadows, then it was continued as a trail across a weary alkaline plain. We left behind us the fine rugged Wasatch range, but to the west and beyond the lake other and less rugged mountains arose. On this drive we saw a remarkable mirage; a mile or two ahead lay a beautiful well-wooded and well-watered country, but illusive as the rainbow. The meandering river at times came close to the road, when numbers of ducks could be seen, but out on the plain, an occasional hawk was the only sign of life. As Bear River approaches Great Salt

Lake it scatters through a number of overflows into shallow bays, the shores of which are grown with tules and grasses. Here ducks breed in thousands, and here in the autumn not only ducks but swans, pelicans, geese, and multitudes of waders are to be seen every day. As the place was comparatively inaccessible, the shooting was for many years in the hands of a few professionals. There being no accommodation for the amateur sportsmen, few went. Those who did go, were obliged to bring their tents, and the question, "What shall we do with our game?" was hard to answer satisfactorily. When our time came, however, very comfortable if primitive quarters could be obtained, and there were women constantly employed during the season plucking the birds and packing them in cases for daily shipment to the sportsman's friends, or to hospitals and other such institutions, should the bags be large.

Our idea in coming on the 29th of September was that we might secure accommodation and have a little time to look around before the opening day—October 1st. The house at which we stayed was built on the bank of the river. It was exceedingly plain in its style, having upstairs, an undivided space in which there were numbers of beds. This loft could be reached by a staircase in the house, or by a more interesting route outside, which led up a ladder to the roof of a wash-house, and from there by another ladder to a door cut in the gable. In front of the house the river was about sixty yards wide, and from the door one could have shot





AN AMMUNITION BUCKET  
TEAL ON THE NORTH BAY



a big bag of ducks every day as they flew up and down.

After dinner, we strolled out for a smoke. The raucous note of the squawk or night heron, which feeds at this hour, and of which there were many, this being one of their breeding places, the honk-honk of geese, the noises made by muskrats and a hundred and one other creatures, gave a weirdness to the place. There was the strange swampy smell, produced by all the decaying vegetation, not however, like the sickly sweet smell of the tropical swamps. As we were the only visitors, we had the loft to ourselves, and were up early next morning. The general lie of the land was explained to me, and trips to the different overflows made. I was anxious to shoot a pelican, so we looked around and marked a large flock of them on a mud bank some distance away. Y. rowed while I sat in the stern and gave encouragement. He was a first class oarsman, having been trained—

“Where Isis waters wind  
Along the sweetest shore  
That e’er felt fair culture’s hand”—

—and in days gone by he had been a credit to his college.

The heat was dreadful, and it gave me more pleasure watching Y. pull the boat for a mile or two through an inch of water and over sticky mud than if I had done it myself. He was a little out of training, perhaps, and looked around too often to see how he was getting along, but on the whole he did very well. When we reached the edge of

the flat upon which the birds were, it was decided that I should run towards them and fire both barrels of B. B. when they rose. I did this, aiming high, as they were a long way off. My shooting produced no immediate effect, but after a time, one bird left the flock, and circling around for a little, alighted close to us. It had evidently been hit. We walked up to it and I seized the bill, intending to lead it to the boat. It would not be led, however, so Y. got behind it and pushed. The mud at this place was very soft, the surface being liquid, and when the bird was pushed, it spread out its wings and with them swept gallons of the mixture over me, so that I was obliged to let go and shoot it.

Returning to the house, we found many new arrivals; all were keen about the coming sport, and those who had been there before told fabulous yarns of former experiences. After lunch, we selected our boats and cut willows and tules for blinds. Before going to bed that night we put on board provisions and water, as we expected to make an early start. While it was very dark, and before the others were astir, we carried ammunition to the boats. Then we visited the kitchen and getting breakfast were very soon adrift. Y. was going south to a neighbourhood called Klondyke, while I was to take the No. 1 overflow and establish a blind for myself in the north bay. At first the overflow was easy, a considerable current drifting me down a rather broad stream with willow-grown margins. In half a mile the willows had come to an end, but



the banks were weed-grown for some distance further, and then the weeds gave place to mud banks six inches high. In a short time I appeared to be out at sea, as no shore near at hand was visible. It was a very dark morning—a few stars giving but feeble light. Birds were moving, and occasionally a flock of ducks dashed past me, going up or coming down. As it was the opening day, the birds had no regular flight; they had never been fired at, so they came and went without fear. I heard the wings of great flocks passing overhead at times, but it was too dark to shoot.

While I was wondering “where next,” the boat came to a full stop. I rowed, but could hardly move it, so taking an oar pushed it about a yard and then in pulling the oar out of the mud I drew the boat back just the same distance. Stepping out and sinking above my knees, I pushed the boat forward easily, but the difficulty of getting my legs out without pulling the waders off was great. At last I managed to struggle into deeper water, and as the light was getting better, I took my bearings. The overflow had opened into the North Bay and at the west side of its mouth there was a bunch of tules, which I struggled to reach. Pushing the boat into these, with the cut willows and tules, I managed to make a very fair blind—for an amateur. It was too perfect a screen, in fact, but on the opening day the ducks are not very particular. Concluding that the birds would keep along the south coast of the bay and turn this corner sharp, I made myself comfortable and watched

for more light. Presently I saw the outline of the mountains fifteen or twenty miles away to the east, north, and west. Those to the east, soon had their rugged tops sharply defined by the sky brightening behind them, while the mountains themselves, at first black, quickly changed to varying shades of blue.

To the west the hills assumed a warmer colour as their tops were illuminated by the sun. There was not a cloud in the sky and the bay—which was several miles across each way and appeared to be surrounded by a large fringe of tuleys—was without a ripple. Ducks were moving in all directions, in flocks of every size. They did not, however, appear to be hugging the south coast particularly, or passing my corner as I had anticipated, but were flying principally east and west across the bay. I saw, however, seven pintails coming straight in to me, so crouched down and waited. On they came a few feet above the water, and when they were quite close, I stood up and dropped one passing and another as they went away, while a third bird fell wounded a couple of hundred yards up the overflow. This wounded duck nearly finished me, for prompted by a desire to put it out of pain I started off in pursuit. By the time half the distance was accomplished, the bird was farther away than at first, and I was absolutely exhausted. On the return journey, taking too long a step, I stuck in the mud and in trying to pull a leg out fell over sideways. One only learns by experience, and this was my last attempt to follow a wounded pintail.

The sun was now up and as the day soon became exceedingly warm the mud bath gave me no inconvenience. Pintails now came in with some regularity and I soon had a dozen birds. Then a flock of mallards arrived from an unexpected quarter. They were all around me before my gun was ready. However, I managed to knock down three and shortly after bagged one of a pair coming straight towards me, having to dodge the falling bird, which struck the boat with great force. Large flocks of teal passed again and again, out of shot, and great numbers of "honkers"—as Canada geese are called—moved to the north. Several flocks of spoonbills coming close, increased my bag to over a score, and then a steady flight of baldpate took place up the overflow from the bay. Sometimes I could hear a mighty roar to the west, caused by thousands and thousands of ducks rising off the lake which lay in that direction.

At noon I lunched, as there was a lull in the flight, and then picking up my birds piled them in the boat—forty odd. While thousands of ducks were in sight, only a few more had been added to the bag by 2:00 P. M., when I started back. Crossing the shallows at the mouth of the overflow, many ducks passed close, but I was so engaged pulling the boat over the mud that they went their way unharmed and it was not until the weed-grown banks were reached that I landed and waited for a shot. Everything going up was within reach, as they rarely flew over the mud, but kept close to the water. For thirty minutes the shooting was good,



flock after flock of baldpate passing, then suddenly they stopped. Five birds had come down as the result of both barrels into the brown of the first flock, and none of the wounded birds were lost, as I had only to run along the bank and pot them. The greatest trouble was picking them up with the boat when they were killed, but this had to be done on account of the current. I made the score up to fifty-eight by this halt and then started again for home.

On arriving at the main river, Y. appeared from Klondyke, having had very poor luck, and only bagging nine. As everything goes by comparison, I was now quite pleased with my morning's work, although coming in I had felt rather ashamed of fifty-eight when expecting a hundred. The indefatigable Y., hearing my story, went off at once to my blind, and although it was then late, he came back with over seventy ducks and several Canada geese, having hit off a good flight and had splendid sport. Being unaccustomed to such exceedingly hard work I retired, as I was absolutely worn out. By supper time, all the sportsmen had returned, complaining of the poor shooting, not one of them having killed even a hundred. They said that owing to the perfect calm and great heat, the ducks spent their time on the big lake—comparatively few coming over the marshes. Wind was badly wanted to disturb the water and cause the birds to fly.

Before going to bed that night, we again arranged our boats so that in the morning there should be





A GOOD BAG



no delay. After breakfast next day, we started,—Y. going again to Klondyke—which was a long way off—and myself to a new overflow further down. As we were not so early, there was some light, so I placed my gun within reach and before going very far, saw a flock of ducks coming down the river. They were up to me at once, but I fired both barrels after them and brought down a couple, which proved to be red-breasted mergansers, or as they are locally called, “saw bills,” and of no use. Half a mile farther down, the Davis house was passed on the left bank. Davis was one of the best shots among the professionals on the swamps, and in the habit of killing thousands of birds every season, for the market. Just opposite the house a bufflehead dropped to my gun and every few minutes afterwards something came up, giving me a shot, so that I had several redheads added to my collection by the time an overflow going to the west was reached.

The boat now passed between low mud-banks upon which hundreds of avocets and stilts were walking, but as the water rapidly became shallow and as the mud had a fair mixture of sand in it, I had hard work getting out. Several large flocks of glossy ibis passed close and some egrets, but the boat and the mud kept me too well employed to pay any attention to them. A great stretch of shallow water lay to the west and about a mile to the south the tuleys could be seen. I rowed to these, and finding a suitable point, pushed the punt into it and arranged some willows as a screen.

Shooting was now brisk; in every direction a constant fusillade was being kept up. Owing to my ignorance of the geography of the place and of the channels, it had taken me a long time to reach this point, so a lot of good shooting had been missed. Now, however, the birds were coming well, and it was delightful. They all came from the west, keeping close to the tules. There were two men in blinds further out than mine and it was interesting to see a flock of birds coming up and dropping toll to the other guns. They would then swing out for a little distance and come in to the reeds again. As there was no wind and little current, dead ducks did not float away, so I let them lie until lunch time. After this, I waded out and picked up thirty-seven mallards, shovelers, red-heads, and a few teal.

During the noon hour, everything was quiet, but there was a regular flight of pintails during the early afternoon. Later, the usual mixture of sorts came in, so that when I bore up for home shortly after the sun dipped behind the mountains, I had eighty-two ducks on board, and picked up several of the wounded while crossing the bay. When the channel was reached, the boat required my undivided attention, so the gun was put aside. Coming out in the morning was like sailing with a breeze on the quarter and everything set, compared with pulling up the channel against the stream, and it was long after dark before the house was reached. Y. did not arrive until later, when he discharged over one hundred ducks. He had seen a number





A BOAT BLIND  
IN THE SWAMPS



of geese at Klondyke but had had no shots at them. All the other guns reported big bags, the only complaint being about the heat of the weather.

It was necessary for me to leave the next morning in order that I might pursue larger game elsewhere, but I returned to this wonderful shooting later and had a few more enjoyable days. October being well advanced, it was no longer necessary to rise before dawn, as the flights did not begin until midday, so with a young friend, I paddled around in the morning and picked up some interesting specimens. A bittern near the house was the first, and then a beautiful egret and some glossy ibis. By midday we were off for teal to the North Bay, and by good luck I was able to get a man who knew every channel and every "trick of the trade." We went past my old blind on the No. 1 overflow with the greatest of ease, as the man knelt on the stern with one knee, while he pushed the boat over the mud with the free foot. Thousands of stilts and avocets made the mouth of the overflow lively with their plaintive notes. In an hour we were across the bay and in a suitable place about a hundred yards from the north shore. Beyond the tules, perhaps a mile away, the mud flats were white with geese, but the wary birds never came within hundreds of yards of us.

Our boat being in very shallow water—perhaps an inch deep—did not require to be moored, so we established a boat blind, that is to say, we stuck willows into the mud all around the boat and then some long reeds and tules around these, so that

our blind looked like a little island. With a shovel the guide turned up about fifty lumps of mud, which were supposed to decoy the unwary teal, and then we were ready for work. We sat in the punt and watched the horizon to the west. Before long a couple of teal were seen flying up the bay a few feet above the water and a long way off. When they got abreast of us they turned at right angles to their course and came straight in. We crouched down and waited until they were within fifty yards, then standing up, dropped them. It was almost too easy. When they saw us they tried to put about but it was too late. Our guide waded out and placed the dead birds on two of the muds. A short time after, a big flock came from an unexpected direction and were settling amongst our decoys before we noticed them. Three of these remained—and so the sport continued all afternoon. We appeared to be too far to the north, and in a bay comparatively little visited that day, but we managed to pick up over sixty birds between us before coming in and several large ducks were brought down on the way back. Among the bags this day was one of forty snow-geese. They were shot from a hole in the mud flat.

The next day we repeated our trip to the north bay as we enjoyed shooting teal over decoys so much. We selected a site for our blind further east than the previous one. Again we saw the mud flats to the northwest white with geese. They were probably lesser-snow (*Chen hyperborea*). We also saw several enormous flocks of Canada geese flying



to the east of us, where they had been feeding on the stubble fields, and we could hear them discussing their affairs as they passed. Although they were a long way off, the "honk-honk" was very distinct. Close around us were multitudes of very interesting avocets and stilts. The teal flight was much better than on the day before and each of our muds was soon capped with a dead bird. The gull fell greatly in my estimation this day. Four of them settled around a duck I had wounded. They watched it for a time and then began to give it an occasional peck, finally killing it by picking a hole in its back. I am not sure whether these birds were Californian or ringed, probably the former, but the guide told me that late in the season the gulls live entirely on wounded ducks.

In the evening a number of crows passed in twos and threes. They were exceedingly shy and gave us a wide berth. I learned from our guide that they nested among some dead willows on an island in the middle of the swamps and in the direction in which they were flying. Crossing the bay when homeward bound we had several shots at spoonbills and I bagged a ruddy duck going up the overflow.

Great changes had taken place before I again visited this sportsman's paradise. A number of energetic men had formed the Bear River Duck Club. They had succeeded in securing the place owned by Davis and many thousands of acres of these splendid swamps. A beautiful club house had been built and a fast launch put on the river

to convey the members to and from Corinne, the nearest point on the Southern Pacific Railway. Guides had been mustered in and very suitable boats built. These were wider than the older craft—had, of course, flat bottoms, and some had revolving armchairs in their sterns. Another important change had taken place—the bag was now limited by law to twenty-five ducks per gun. This limit accounted for the guides, as it was more profitable to take out a tourist than to shoot for the market.

With H. and S., I arrived at Corinne on September 30. We drove from the station to the river and there found the launch waiting. She was a nice, serviceable-looking boat, and capable of carrying a good number. When we were seated, the engine room, or rather a lot of oil-soaked waste in it, caught fire, and the flames shot up very high. Out camping nothing is so cheerful as a fire—it gives life to the scene. This fire was no exception to the rule, and the fact that the launch carried twenty gallons or so of petrol made it more lively than usual. At about the same time we all felt that a better view of the conflagration could be had from a distance. The engineer, however, succeeded in putting out the flames; and the cylinders having been well warmed the engine started with ease and ran well. Perhaps the engineer was in the habit of starting it in this simple way—it gave us a few minutes' pleasurable excitement at any rate.

The river meanders from Corinne to its mouth and the distance to the club by water is probably



THE BEAR RIVER DUCK CLUB  
A BOAT WITH ARMCHAIR





twenty or twenty-five miles. The country is perfectly flat all the way and adapted for grazing, but the grass is coarse and scarce, as the ground is full of alkali. Willows and a few cottonwoods grow on each side of the river, which is forty or fifty yards wide. Every bend we rounded brought us onto a flock of ducks, most of them being red-heads. A few little grebe were also seen on the water and some magpies in the cottonwoods and willows. It was interesting to see numbers of old magpies' nests in the willows or in the stunted cottonwoods, none of them being more than a few feet above the ground. How different from the sites chosen by European magpies among the highest branches of the tallest trees. Several large hawks were seen hovering around. They appeared to be red-tailed and marsh hawks.

The sail down the stream was delightful, the afternoon being fine, and the sky without a cloud. Many parts of the country were represented by the sportsmen present, and very edifying was the information gleaned from their conversation. It was curious to note how the man with the least experience generally started a discussion. The one following had always had more varied experiences and had been in more interesting situations than the previous speaker. My heart ached for H. as his turn came, but it was all right; there was no cause for uneasiness. Sharp and myself watched the rays of the setting sun playing around the tops of the eastern hills—while we listened—and we experienced that feeling of exultation which must

have been felt by the members of Jonah's family as he related his adventures. Fortunately we reached our destination before our own turns came.

What a revelation the club house was, with its acetylene lamps along the river front. We inspected the premises and found the conditions of duck shooting much improved—beautiful bedrooms, luxurious bathrooms, hot and cold water, telephonic communication with the outer world, and steam heat. The dinner was excellent, and there were arrangements by which the sportsman could avoid the risk of typhoid arising from drinking the waters of the sluggish Bear River. Of course the thing had lost some of its romance. As one lay in bed one could not—through knot holes in defective shingles—view the heavens as they could be viewed through the roofs of some other shooting lodges in the West, and the stillness of the night might now be broken by the tinkle of the electric bell.

After dinner we retired to the huge central hall and discussed the morrow's shoot. There were too many sportsmen for the number of guides, so it would be necessary to double, two going in each boat. For this purpose lots were drawn, and I drew a Denver man. One is always uneasy about the other fellow with whom one is shooting, not about his ability to use firearms, but about his integrity, about his sense of honour, and his desire to abide strictly within the law. Now the legal limit was twenty-five ducks, and it struck me that a great deal of unpleasantness might arise from

being closely associated with one who lacked a fine sense in this matter. I was not thinking of the man who, carried away by the sport, might forget to count to a bird the number killed; or of a sensitive man, like S., who, having the limit, would put a wounded bird out of pain—far be it from me. I was thinking of the man who would deliberately keep on shooting, knowing that his limit had been reached. Strange as it may seem, these were exactly the same thoughts that were in the breast of the Denver man. Together we climbed the central tower, and going out on the roof, looked over the starlit scene. For a time neither spoke, but we listened in silence to the life of the swamps. Then my partner remarked that it was sad to think of how many ducks would die the following day. He seemed a good deal worried about it and was obviously relieved when I replied that at any rate there would not be any indiscriminate slaughter, as the just laws of the State were very well enforced in this matter, if not in some others, and that the life of the twenty-sixth duck was much safer than his own in this particular neighbourhood. How pleased he seemed, and with what warmth he grasped my hand!

We now descended to the others, and I told Holden how fortunate I had been in the partner I had drawn. It was against the law to shoot ducks after sundown and I heard of three men who were nicely caught by the game warden the year before on Utah Lake. There had not been any flight that evening until the sun went down, but these three



made good use of their time while the light lasted. The first to arrive at the club was met by a civil person who helped him with his boat and remarked that there had not been much shooting. No. 1 said that until the sun went down there had not been a duck, and as No. 2 was now coming, the civil one said, "You are under arrest for shooting after sundown," and he went off to assist No. 2, remarking that he appeared to have done rather well. No. 2 stated that, considering how feeble the light had been he certainly had shot remarkably well, and as No. 3 was now close at hand, No. 2 was also put under arrest. The third man, who had very few ducks, said that he had killed a big bag but that owing to the darkness, he could not pick them up, so he also was swept in, and all three members of the Doe family had to "put up" for their appearance in court next day. I am glad to be able to record this enforcement of the law, as some people think that just because men are frequently murdered or held up after sundown in parts of the West, it is equally unsafe for ducks.

Breakfast was served before sunrise and sombre clad duck hunters were bustling about with buckets of ammunition and bottles of white rock in anticipation of a busy and thirsty day. Our guide was soon under way, and we made good progress until the overflow was reached, when we all had to get out and help. Our destination, which bore the cheerful and suggestive name of Slaughter Point, was five or six miles to the west and near the lake. I had never before been so close to the main body



of ducks as on this day, and the noise they made, rising in their thousands, was extraordinary. After leaving the overflow our course was almost west, skirting the tules all the way. We passed a number of flocks of redheads too young to fly, or which did not fly, so we attributed this to their youth, and did not interfere with them, but pushed on. In appearance the red-head is very much like the canvasback and almost as good a bird for table use. As food influences the flavour of ducks greatly, the celery-fed canvasbacks of Chesapeake Bay are probably superior to those shot on the Bear River swamps.

When Slaughter Point was reached, we pushed the boat into a little island of tules, to see how the birds were flying. They were moving in every direction, but principally from the lake, and all the ducks in our vicinity appeared to be mallards. We now tossed for positions and I took the bow which lay to the west. It was unnecessary to conceal the boat artificially as the natural growth was sufficient. As soon as we had ammunition in our guns, mallards surrounded us, and the splash of the big birds falling, told us we had registered kills, but others were coming, so we had no time to attend to the fallen. I have never seen ducks flying around me in such numbers as they did on this occasion. It was one of the days when Davis or Hansen or any of the professionals on the swamps would have killed three or four hundred birds with ease, had there been no limit, but we took it easy and picked our shots, each killing his allowance of mallard in a

couple of hours or less. It was wonderful—they were coming, going and crossing in flocks and in singles—giving a choice of shots. It was customary at one time to carry ammunition in large buckets. They held an immense number of cartridges, and at the same time kept them dry even though placed in the mud. It was also easy reaching the ammunition in them, when the birds were flying well.

We lunched when the morning's work was over, feeling that we had done very well and that the locality had been correctly named. The return journey was more tedious on account of our cargo, to which my friend added a pelican when we reached the mud banks. On arriving at the club, we found that nearly all the members had returned, few of them having gone as far as ourselves. Certainly it was splendid to hear of the way those men had put up their guns the moment the twenty-fifth bird fell. One would have expected to find two or three less law-abiding than the rest, but a proper spirit existed among them all, and I think they felt happier for it. I noticed that the sixteen-bore was very much in use, and some even used a twenty.

After dinner, as we sat around relating our experiences, some one told of dodging a falling mallard. This led to wonderful accounts of people being hit by falling birds, of sportsmen having had birds fall in their boats so as to break their water bottles, necessitating a return, as thirst is a dreadful thing. Curious stories were told of the difficulty sometimes experienced in finding birds which



A BOAT BLIND





had fallen dead. Many lunches had been served in little buckets, and S. told of having brought down a teal which fell in his blind, but which he could not find. At lunch time the missing teal was found in his bucket. We were always proud of S. when it came to relating experiences.

The following morning, realising from the experience of the previous day that it took a very short time to shoot twenty-five ducks, we decided not to start so early. Having a boat and guide to myself, I went down the river to a bay lying northwest. On leaving the river, we were soon threading our way through tortuous channels between banks of very soft mud. Hundreds of avocets stalked about on these, or fed in the shallow pools. Why their bills are curved upward, while those of so many other waders turn downward, is a question. The rather plain black and white of autumn is not nearly so attractive as the beautiful spring plumage—chestnut with delicate cream colour making it a most beautiful bird. There were no stilts about, although they are so frequently found with the avocets—the latter always look well-dressed, with glossy black backs, white breasts, and long slender pink legs.

On the way down the river, I shot a bufflehead drake which was flying very fast. Its black head with conspicuous white mark showed up distinctly for quite a distance. When at last all channels were passed and we had reached the bay, we selected a bunch of tules near the west shore and the guide soon had some muds turned up. During

the early days of October, decoys are really unnecessary as the birds have not been shot at much and they are far from shy, but my man did this as a matter of form. Being allowed fifty birds between us, the guide having his gun, I allowed him to use it, permitting him to shoot at anything missed by me. H. and S. were nearly opposite, on the east side, so we had a good view of what took place at their blinds. At first a number of flocks of pintails came in, giving the most beautiful shots possible, then a couple of canvasbacks, one of which I killed, the other coming down some distance away to swim off and escape. After this we had the most varied shooting possible—mallards, red-heads, pintails, teal and widgin.

When lunch time came, one bottle of mineral water fell against another and both were broken, so there was nothing to drink. The knowledge of this induced such a thirst, that I made the guide pull the boat to the oasis occupied by H. where we found such fountains flowing that all immediate and future danger from this was removed. Having picked up our birds before leaving our own blind, we now moved into the reeds on the east side and completed our complement in a very short time.

The third day, as S. and myself had to catch an afternoon train, we started shooting early. Everything was just as favourable as it had been the day before. As we did not go far away, we were back at the club for lunch, each with his limit. With a third man, B., we took the launch for the rail-

road afterwards and had an exciting run for our train, arriving at Corinne just as the scheduled time for departing was reached. As there was no conveyance to meet the boat, we staggered off to the station under heavy loads, in the intense heat. In the distance we could see the sympathetic agent watching as we hurried along. When we came closer we noticed that he smiled, and when he told us not to hurry as the train was fifteen hours late, we were awfully pleased. The hotel arrangements at Corinne are not what one would wish, but this delay gave us an opportunity of seeing the points of interest in the town. Corinne had, long years before, been the distributing point for places in Idaho and Montana, and had had quite a population, but there is little left of its greatness. During the evening, we learned that a freight train would come in about 1:00 A. M. so we obtained permission to travel by it to Ogden, and when it left we were passengers in its caboose. About 4:00 A. M. the conductor awoke us, and three very sleepy individuals crawled out. He then pointed pleasantly to a bright reflection in the sky a long way off, and said that it was caused by the lights of Ogden, but that freight trains did not go any nearer. We tossed for it, and as a result, S. had to go off and get a carriage while Bascom and myself slumbered by the track.





A TRIP TO CHAMBERLAIN BASIN,  
IDAHO



## A TRIP TO CHAMBERLAIN BASIN, IDAHO

I overheard a man telling another that coming out of Idaho over the Thunder Mountain trail to Red Rock, he saw over one hundred mountain sheep and vast numbers of deer. This led me to enquire into the game resources of the country from every one I could find who had been there, and they all endorsed his statements.

Of course these men were prospectors, and a prospector in perfectly good faith can believe that he sees what does not exist; however, they were so sincere about it that I concluded there was good foundation for their stories and that possibly there were deer and some sheep. Several of these men, after describing what they had seen, added that all the game came from a place called Chamberlain Basin, to which they had never been, but of which they had heard from some one who had a friend who knew. I was unable to find any one who had ever been to the Basin, but from all I could hear, it was the *Fons et Origo* of all the Idaho game—a sanctuary unpolluted by the foot of the hunter.

Shortly after these enquiries I met H. and told him the story. He at once proposed our going to Chamberlain Basin and to this I agreed. It was decided that we should look up all routes into

the country and procure, if possible, guides who knew the way. The sum of it was that there were three trails, one by Red Rock, one by Boise, and one by Weiser. After going over the matter thoroughly, we decided upon the Weiser trail as being the most feasible.

It happened one day shortly after this that I met a Jackson's Hole guide whom I knew. He told me that he had become interested in temperance matters and was looking for a party to take out. Having known him for some time, I realised that the temperance affair was a recent development, but thinking that it would last a month or two, I mentioned his name to H., and we thought it would be rather clever to send him to Weiser in advance. From Weiser he might take the train to Council, where he could "muster in" an outfit of guides and horses. He might then start a day or two in advance with the pack animals and leave saddle horses for us, with which we could overtake him, as we would travel faster without impedimenta. We quite understood that the Wyoming man was not familiar with that part of Idaho, but we also knew that he had had lots of general experience and could probably select the horses and guides. All things being arranged, we laid in our supply of provisions, and with a very complete camp outfit, packed our man off to Weiser.

F., who was to be third member of our party, now turned up, and at 6:00 A. M., September 18—, we found ourselves side-tracked at Pocatello. Our sleeper had been cut off the north-bound train and



was awaiting the Portland express to take us to Weiser. After the manner of transcontinental trains this was about twelve hours late, which gave us ample time to see the churches and public buildings of Pocatello. At last our train came and we were off, arriving at Weiser during the night. We were to leave for Council at 8:00 A. M., so they called us early, and after breakfast, when starting for the station, the clerk asked whether we were connected in any way with a "gentleman" who had been staying there several days waiting for some relatives, with whom he was going to take a shooting trip. We asked his name, and were astonished to learn that it was our Wyoming advance agent. Further questions elicited the fact that he was upstairs in number four and not feeling well, but that he had made himself very agreeable while there, and was quite popular. I went upstairs, and there was our friend, who might have been doing temperance work as a horrible example, from the condition in which I found him.

As it was nearly eight, and as there was only one train a day, we hurried to the station. Fortunately, the superintendent of the road was there and he kindly held the train until we collected our scattered effects and had secured a very pleasant guide called Buck, who would accompany us only upon the condition that we took his chum. As Buck was a very smart-looking man from his diamond pin to his patent leather shoes, we were prepared to agree to anything rather than lose him.

With these, and with a reasonable amount of lug-

gage, we arrived at Council about the middle of the day, but excepting an enormous box which contained H.'s camp kit, we saw no difficulty in having everything transported. The box contained pots, pans, sheets and many other things. The sheets we rather objected to, as we deemed them out of place in the wilds; however, we decided that as there was a good road from Council as far as Warren, we would take a wagon so far with us and move H.'s sheets to that place. It would interest the people at Warren to see the sheets, and they could be stored there until our return.

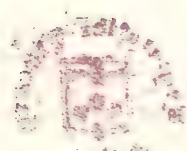
Leaving our belongings at the station, we visited the livery stable and stated our wants. The owner, Beard, said he would try to let us have the animals required the following day, but we were men of action and insisted on starting at once, so we secured a four-horse wagon, three saddle horses, and another man. We were to start with the wagon and our baggage at once, and the following day two men would follow with other saddle and pack animals.

After lunch we sallied forth, all three on horseback and the men in the wagon. They told us of a camping place about ten miles out, but we determined to push on and make Salmon Meadows before we slept, and that was thirty miles off.

The country around Council was rolling, with some black timber; the valleys were under cultivation and the cottages we passed looked comfortable, many of them having well-loaded apple trees around. As the day was beautiful, we enjoyed our



A FRONTIER CORRAL





ride and felt that we had emerged from our difficulties rather well. The road, which was good, ran by the Weiser River for some distance, and having heard of a place called Freeman's, twenty miles away, we determined to reach it by dinner time.

After a while I went ahead, and reaching Freeman's an hour before the others, had dinner ready when they arrived, thus saving time. We were in splendid spirits when starting on the last ten miles, and the moon being full, the ride through the forest was delightful. Within a few miles of our destination we left the hills and passed through meadow land.

The settlement of Salmon Meadows is a straggling village along a straight road. Pine trees grow between the houses, of which there are about a dozen, one of them being a hotel. It was about midnight when our cavalcade drew up, and thinking it would be more interesting to sleep in the corral than in the hostelry, greatly to the disgust of the proprietor, we established our camp there. F., in a Baillie-Grohman sleeping bag, and H. on a cot, preferred the open air, while I, throwing the rope of my 6'x6' tent over the lower limb of a tree which grew there, pegged out its base and was soon ready for a night's repose.

On the morning of September 20, one of my unkind neighbours, awakened by the early sun, slipped the knot of my tent rope and disturbed a delightful slumber. We completed our toilet at a stream and having breakfasted at the hotel, were under way by eight.



The wagon lagged behind, while we rode on in front, and we soon had a fine view of the pretty valley from the heavily wooded hills over which our route led for seven miles to Payette Lake. The timber was mostly yellow pine with some tamarack, and often for long stretches there was no underbush, so the riding was good. After a while, the blue water of Payette could be seen through the trees, so we rode down to it. The lake is about twelve miles long, roughly triangular, and about four wide at the base. We could see the village of Largo on the opposite side from where we dismounted to wait for our wagon.

After a rest of two hours, a boy passing with a pack train informed us that our outfit had cut off a corner and got ahead of us. He also told us where we could have lunch, which was very much to the point. The lunch house was beautifully situated on the high bank of the lake. It was surrounded by fine timber, but a view of the water could be had. The hostess was an excellent cook and everything was clean and good, so we enjoyed our meal.

Our road led north by the side of the lake, with forest on our left and a fringe of autumn-tinted shrubs between us and the water. After a stern chase of several miles, we overtook our wagon in difficulties at a place where the road, dipping to the water's edge, swept around a rocky point. It was built out over the lake in places and was narrow. Just as the outfit arrived at the rocky point, they met the only wagon we had seen all day, and

as it was more heavily laden than ours, we had to back, which took a long time. At last we moved on and during the afternoon reached the north end of the lake, which was the apex of the triangle, and into which a stream from Upper Payette Lake flowed.

All the way along the lake the scenery had been beautiful, but towards the end it was at its best. Many mountain ash bushes with bright leaves and scarlet berries fringed the water by the side of the road, and sky and water being blue, the effect can be imagined. Near the mouth of the river was a small rocky island, over which a pair of ospreys circled, and upon which, no doubt, at another season their nest could be found. Our trail now led us into the forest again, but close to the stream. This we followed to Upper Payette Lake, arriving there as night was coming on and half an hour before the outfit.

We unsaddled at a suitable camping place, and presently the others appeared; all three being in the wagon, and driving past us as though they had never seen us before, so saddling, we followed. The upper lake is about a mile long, and we had thought of camping at the south end, which was picturesque, but the outfit preferred the north end, as there was a road house there where they were well-known. However, they explained to us that there the horses could be put in a pasture for the night and easily caught in the morning, whereas at the lower end, they should have had to turn them out, and find them in the morning, so we



agreed, but insisted on camping some distance from the house, as we wished to keep away from civilisation.

Buck's surly friend from Weiser acted as cook, but he felt that he was being imposed upon when we ordered him to prepare dinner in the open when there was a hotel at hand, so we disgraced him and promoted the cheerful little fellow we had picked up in Council.

This was our first night by a camp fire, and the weather, being perfectly fine, we enjoyed it very much. F. and H., being Harvard men, were reminiscent, and their battles on the football grounds were fought over again.

Shortly after daylight on September 21, we were up. The night had been cold and thin ice fringed the creek in which we performed our ablutions. The flapjacks being a success, breakfast was satisfactory, and by eight, having everything ready, we started. The grade was heavy for the first mile, but after that it was easy, the road, which was good, keeping close to a small stream.

The two men from Council now joined us with extra horses, making seventeen in all, so we were prepared to pack out a good many heads. Buck took me some distance from the road to a place where deer were usually found, but there were none there, and as very few tracks were to be seen, we soon returned to our party.

The country through which we were passing was really pretty, rather heavy pine woods on the right and meadows with clumps of timber on the left. I





MEADOWS WITH CLUMPS OF TIMBER  
THE COUNTRY WAS WELL TIMBERED



galloped ahead, and soon came to a sheep camp by the wayside, the owner of which was away from home, but on a stump in front of the dilapidated tent sat a visitor, enjoying a quiet tin of coffee. He was dressed in the simple negligee of off-the-beaten-track Idaho, and his appearance betrayed that total indifference to convention, soap and barbers, one so often notices among the inhabitants of the sparsely settled portion of a new country. Reining my steed, I asked how far it was to Warren. He told me about the distance. "Have you ever been in Chamberlain Basin?" was my next question. "I have just come from there," he said.

Oh, joy! at last a man was found who knew the country; now for some substantial information. "Did you see any game there?" "Game! the place is alive with game." (As this was in keeping with everything we had heard, it naturally excited no surprise.) "Are there any sheep or goats?" "Well, there are on the rocks," he answered, "but I never saw anything like it in my life, they are so thick." I told him we were going in on a shooting trip, and that it was encouraging to know this. "Did you see any moose?" I asked again. "More of them than of anything else," he replied, "and you must bring out a young one; it would be interesting for your friends to have. Of course there is a law in Idaho against taking game out, but I can show you how to crate it in such a way that no one will know it from an ordinary calf."

I thanked him, but said that we did not want a calf; however, he rather insisted and just then H.

rode up. "What has he got to say?" he asked, and the wandering one, hearing the question, proceeded to run rapidly over the resources of the place, laying great stress upon the ease with which moose calves could be caught, crated, and exported. H. asked our informant if he was busy, and on his replying in the negative, told him we would pay him five dollars a day if he would go with us, and that there would be a horse for him presently. The fellow, who was called Tex, said he was a "sport" himself, and would accept the offer; so leaving him waiting for the horses, we struck the trail, congratulating each other on our good luck, and deciding to hunt the Basin every year ourselves and procure some good heads.

Presently we reached a cabin with the words "Trapper Jim" above the door. Here we rested until F. and the outfit came up. Buck told us this Jim had killed seventeen bears during the previous winter. On the platform at Council we had seen a worthy hunter, who twenty years before had had "experiences" with a wounded grizzly. It had taken off his scalp and the left side of his face including the eye. The poor old fellow was a fearful warning to careless hunters. When picked up some time after his encounter he was almost "all in" and the dead bear lay a short distance away.

We passed a good road leading to a place called Bergoff's Hot Springs, and our men were most anxious that we should go there for the advantages that the baths afforded, and also because it was a beautiful spot, but we explained that we had seen



beautiful places in other parts of the world, and now only wanted to see Chamberlain Basin.

We were then in the valley of the Seasash River, which flows into the south fork of the Salmon. We travelled up this valley for miles before we reached the hills. Ascending a heavy grade for an hour and then going down for the same length of time, we reached Warren.

Warren is a mining camp of the early sixties. A lot of the country has been placer washed and some Chinamen are going over part of it a second time. The town is built along a creek having the picturesque name of Slaughter House, and most of the dwellings, saloons, etc., are built of logs. Passing through it, we camped half a mile beyond, selecting a spot by the creek, and at the foot of well-wooded hills. Our tents were pitched under the trees, and the wagon was unloaded as it could not be taken any further, this being the end of the road. The night was clear and frosty, but there was an abundance of wood so we had a splendid fire, and all our stores being accessible, the cook provided a wonderful dinner. After this, the men went to town while we sat by the embers discussing the situation, and wondering how many heads we had better bring out.

All hands were up early on the morning of the 22d, and diamond hitches were the order of the day, as everything had to be packed. Our men were good packers, as they had seen service on the Seven Devil and Thunder Mountain trails for years. While they were occupied with this work, we visited

a placer mine near by, and it was very interesting to see the industrious Chinamen busy with their flumes and sluices.

About ten, everything being ready, we started up a trail which followed the creek some distance through Slaughter House Gulch, and passing a quartz mill, struck into the forest. No one had ever cut a branch or chopped a log to improve the trail, so it was bad. Great trees lay across in places; sometimes we went around them and sometimes climbed over. As there were nine of us and a total of seventeen horses straggling along, our troubles soon began. One horse would wander down the mountain, and another up, while others would try to roll their packs off, and I saw one caught between two trees, so it was heart-breaking trying to keep them going. In discussing the commissary before leaving, some one suggested bringing stuff called "force," and our Wyoming man, having been given carte blanche, had ordered quite a lot of it. The "force" was put up in square cardboard boxes, and when these were "cinched" on a pack horse, of course they burst. As the horse jolted along, the "force" came out in puffs, keeping that particular animal well in view. I picked up a box of sardines by the trail, and the eight fish it contained were put to my credit as the first fish taken on the trip.

At noon we camped for lunch on the summit, and from there had a splendid view. Far away below us was the South Fork of the Salmon River, where we expected to camp that night. I noticed at a



TURNING DOWN A GULCH  
EMERGING FROM A TREELESS SLOPE





particular place a great number of Clark's Nutcrackers (*Nuifraga Columbiana*). They were very noisy and restless, and perhaps thirty or forty of them were congregated in a few pines growing on a rather bold promontory. They had grey heads and jet black wings, and formed an animated group for a while. After a time, in twos and threes, they took headers into the deep canyon and were seen no more. These birds often close their wings and drop straight down many hundred feet, then, opening them, they check themselves for a moment, to drop again until they reach their drinking place. They live among the high pines and eat the seeds off the cones. Their nests are rarely found, as they breed early in the season when the winter snows have made their haunts almost inaccessible.

After lunch we started our downward march, backwards and forwards through the forest, going always lower. We travelled for several hours, finally emerging from the timber on a treeless slope many hundred feet above the ford we had to cross. From this point down we had a zigzag path. As we approached the river we saw that it came from an impassable box canyon above, and emptied into the main river a few miles below. Our horses had enough to do to keep their feet crossing, as the current on the ford was strong and the bottom rough, being strewn with huge stones.

There was a ranch on the left bank of the river, and near the house were two good sheeps' heads. Seeing the man in charge, I asked him about them

and found that he had shot both the previous winter at the mouth of the canyon. He added that there were a few sheep in the canyon, but that it was impossible to reach them, in fact he said that there was practically no game about the place, excepting an occasional deer or elk. This was disquieting information, but on discussing it afterwards, we decided that sporting visitors were not wanted and that we had been misinformed.

The river here looked like a splendid salmon stream with its beautiful pools, so we at once set about getting rods and trying the trout, as salmon do not rise to the fly in Western American streams. My rod was on the first pack horse to arrive, but my reel and fly-hook were on another, which did not come for half an hour. During this time, H., having secured his rod, disappeared. At last I was ready, and selecting a splendid pool, made a catch of a nice pound trout almost at once, but although I fished for an hour and a half longer, I had not another rise. This fish was a fine specimen of the cutthroat species which abound in the tributaries of the Columbia River, and which sometimes attain great size.

Returning to camp, I found the tents all up and a splendid fire going under a few lonely pines. F. was arranging a lot of cones he had collected and H. had just arrived with a fine string of trout, either the place he had selected was more suitable, or the flies better. Dinner being ready, we did it that justice warranted only by hard work. The trout, fresh from the river, were delicious, and we

expected moose steaks and venison cutlets in another day or two.

The canyon was only a few hundred yards across, the flat part probably not more than one hundred, and as the sides rose very abruptly for several thousand feet, it looked narrower than it really was. Our men pointed out the way for the next day—it was a zigzag up a steep shoulder for a thousand feet or more to timber.

After dinner Buck told us some of his experiences. By profession he was a “chucker-out” in a dance hall in the Seven Devil Country, and the experiences were lurid in the extreme.

The temperature in the canyon was much higher than any that we had yet experienced at night, and we were told that watermelons grew at the ranch, and a few apples. The ranch was owned by Bergoff, possibly also the owner of the hot springs we passed a few days before. Our camp was certainly beautifully situated in this deep canyon and by such a fine stream. But what a lonely life the rancher must have led! and how exciting life in the lighthouse at Belle Isle or Instrahull would be after a few years at Bergoff's ranch.

We were now on the fringe of the great game country, and expected by the next night to have bagged a sheep with a few bears. The only adverse opinion we had had was from a man across the river, and it was probably prompted by a resentment of our intrusion.

On the morning of the 23d we were up with the sun, and catching the horses which had not wan-



dered far. It was too cold for trout to rise, or we might have taken some with us, but there were enough on hand for breakfast, and they were soon sizzling in the pan. Having lots of men, the horses were ready and most of them had their packs on before the cook called us, and it took a very short time afterwards to get under way. As I have said, the zigzag trail led up a shoulder and it became more dangerous as we ascended, there being nothing to save one should he stumble. We walked and let our horses go; they could not wander, as the trail was bounded on one side by the slope and on the other by eternity. It was weary work, but we were rewarded by glimpses of a wonderful panorama.

In a couple of hours we had reached timber, so sat down to rest and enjoy the view. The morning mists had disappeared and the clear atmosphere gave great distinctness to objects at a distance. The Seven Devil Country was pointed out to us, and also Buffalo Hump, the latter being thirty or forty miles away. Below us we saw the South Fork,—at that distance it looked like a limpid stream flowing over a bed of pebbles, and we could trace its course to the confluence with the main river. Up the stream we could now see the box canyon, the walls of which were nearly vertical. The solitude and grandeur of the scene were very impressive.

Starting up again, we found that while there were trees about, there was for some distance no improvement in the trail. One of our pack horses



stumbled and disappeared over the precipice; he rolled a little way down a slope which broke his pack loose, scattering the contents before he took his final plunge. We never saw anything more of the poor creature but we managed to collect some of the contents of the pack. A great many odds and ends were lost, however, and among them the tea. This incident was a warning to us never to trust ourselves on horses in dangerous places; some animals are perfectly safe on a bad trail, but a horse is not one of them.

Arriving at the summit, we found a very fine bear trap: it was an exceedingly strong, well-built little log house. Should the bear enter and disturb the bait, a sliding door immediately dropped and penned him in.

We camped for lunch at a spring close by, called Soldier's Spring. Here we had a conference with Beard, who seemed to know more of the country than any one else; indeed it was beginning to dawn upon us that the neighbourhood was absolutely new to most of our men! Beard said that our destination lay over the second ridge, that the next creek we came to was called the Five Mile Creek, and that we then had to cross another ridge before reaching our Mecca. We decided to camp on Five Mile Creek that night, so after lunch started along an ill-defined trail in that direction. We were now travelling on the crest of a ridge. On our right the country fell away rapidly and was precipitous, pines growing sparsely, while on our left the slope was much more gradual and covered with timber.

Very small trees were scattered about our immediate trail, and in places the crest was wind-swept and bare. We kept our eyes open for game and occasionally one of us would go off a little into the timber, but few deer's tracks were found. Birds were scarce, only three or four Clark's nutcrackers being seen all day, and perfect silence prevailed. Having travelled along the ridge for several miles we turned down a gulch to the left and came to a little creek, which we followed. The trail was now difficult, leading through scrubby timber by the creek, and the gulch was very narrow, there being barely room for both stream and trail. When we descended some distance the gulch opened a little, and about four in the afternoon we camped.

Taking Tex with me, I followed Five Mile Creek to where it joined another, and carefully examined the neighbourhood for game. There were no evidences whatever of deer, nor of anything else excepting bear.

I found a perfectly fresh bear's den, but the owner was away from home, probably enjoying the berries on some hillside near by. No doubt if we had had dogs at this place, we might have secured some skins, but without dogs bear hunting at this season was rather hopeless. I also found out sufficient about Tex to know that there was little reliance to be put in anything he said: the man was evidently a prospector, as I found him several times looking for float instead of game.

We were all back at camp before sundown and we had each discovered and decided that this was

not a game country and that some of the men were of little use in it. We concluded to overhaul our things, take a large tent and the three best men onto the basin, and send the others back to Warren to await our return.

As we had given the commissary no personal supervision, but had simply handed the Wyoming man our list, we had a surprise awaiting us. We found quantities of jam and preserved fruits in glass jars instead of tins. These had broken, and the heap of preserves and broken glass we left at that camp must have delighted the first bear that came along, although it may have suffered subsequently, as broken bottles would try the digestion of even a bear.

On the 24th we were very early astir, and having had our own horses packed, we pushed out of camp, taking Beard, Buck, and the cook with us and leaving the others to clear up and put back to Warren.

In places the walls of this valley were quite steep and we had scanned them carefully in search of sheep or goats, without seeing anything. Near the end of the gulch we began to ascend on the right, the route being up a little side draw, and in a short time we were in timber and making good time. Wherever there was any likelihood of our finding any tracks we examined carefully, only to be disappointed. By midday we reached a creek which Beard said led into Chamberlain Basin, and this we followed for a couple of hours, being in timber and brush continually. Finding a place free from



underbrush, but under the trees, we decided to camp.

Clouds had been piling up since noon and the sky looked threatening in the extreme. At this season the weather might break at any time and we could easily be snowed in. The pack horses were turned loose and the tent ordered up while lunch was being prepared. Our disgust was great when we found that instead of one of our good tents being with us, the pack contained an old wagon cover full of holes, and not a tent at all. However, a rope was fastened between two trees and the wagon cover put over it and pegged down. After lunch we mounted our horses and under the guidance of Beard went off to examine a lick where deer of sorts were supposed to be really numerous. We found the lick and had there been deer in the country, they would probably have been there or in the neighbourhood, but the deer in Chamberlain Basin were scarce and half a dozen with a couple of elk would have made all the tracks we found. The prospectors had been mistaken, as had all our informants, excepting the man on the South Fork. Game was indeed scarce in this part of Idaho. From the lick we wandered off into the timber and spent several hours searching for tracks; in a game country, these can always be found.

Late in the afternoon the rumbling of distant thunder and the falling of big drops warned us to return to camp. It was dark when we got back and heavy rain was falling. The wretched tent would barely hold the three of us packed like sar-



dines, while the men had no cover other than their blankets. However, it was their own faults and they were paying the price of their carelessness. A big fire was built and quantities of wood piled up for the night. We dined and tried to feel cheerful, but the rain had turned into sleet and the temperature had gone down greatly. Beds of boughs had been prepared for us under the cover, but the latter being full of holes, our bedding had become rather wet. When the time came for us to turn in I found myself in the middle, with a large hole immediately above, through which the sleet came and occasional streams of water. When one of us moved it was sure to drain a lake some place. I managed to secure a broad-brimmed hat of H.'s and this I poised on my shoulder under the hole, emptying it anywhere at intervals.

Towards morning the sleet changed to a heavy snow storm. The ground was covered, and the boughs of the pines were bent low with its weight. It certainly looked as if we should have trouble getting out of the valley. Personally I could not have found the way for a mile.

After breakfast, the horses having been found, we put the packs on and started back as we had come. As we ascended the valley, the snow became deeper and an occasional blaze was all we had to go by. Passing the low snow-laden boughs, they tumbled their loads all over us, so that we were soon pretty well soaked. The blazes on the trees were more easily seen when we emerged from the scrub by the creek, and all things considered, we

made good time back to Five Mile. All along we had been wondering how we were to go down the zigzag path into the South Fork Canyon and up the other side of it, so we had a hasty lunch and pushed on, determining to reach Bergoff's or at least Soldier's Spring before night.

When we entered the timber at the head of Five Mile we found the snow heavy and the travelling dreadful. Sometimes the blazes were very hard to find and it was a great relief when we reached Soldier's Spring. As we descended into the canyon the snow became lighter, and when we emerged from the timber, there was scarcely any, the path down the shoulder being absolutely free from it. Again we noticed the change in temperature; this time it was very pronounced. We camped by a small shed in which the rancher had stored about a load of wild hay, cut on that side of the river, and after drying our clothes by a good fire and having supper, we crept into this hay, where I slept soundly all night.

We were a little late starting on the morning of the 26th. While the horses were being packed I rode over to the ranch and purchased for ten dollars the two rams' heads we had seen there. One was sixteen and the other fifteen inches. Coming back with these trophies I found all ready, so we began the long ascent. For hours we climbed, conditions getting worse as we reached the snow, but an end comes to all things and we were on the summit at last.

Four Franklin grouse (*C. Franklini*) flying into



THE DESERTED CABIN





a fir tree near the trail attracted our attention. These birds are generally found pretty high up, and I have seen comparatively few of them; they are like all their relations, exceedingly stupid or fearless so are easily shot when once found. As the foliage was very dense, it was difficult to see them, but we picked out three with our rifles, and the other may also have been killed, but it did not drop.

Arriving at a deserted trapper's cabin, we rested for lunch. The cabin was beautifully built, the logs being all the same size and fitting on to each other perfectly. There was no window in the frame, nor was there any door, but a lean-to protected the doorway, which was at the end of the building. As there was an enormous fireplace, we soon had the kettle boiling and the grouse in the pan. After lunch we found our trail again and kept on to Warren.

At one place I noticed a diverging line of blaze, and written with a pencil on one of these was the following legend: "Either trail will lead you to Warren, and whichever you take you will wish to H—— you had taken the other." Resin from the tree had flowed over this and given it a protecting varnish. As it was dark when we entered the town, we marched on through, and camped in a deserted cabin on Slaughter House Creek some distance below. The night was stormy, but we had a good fire and so kept warm.

About nine A. M. on the 27th we were under way and retracing our steps to the valley of the Seasash. One of our men had gone to town the night before

and "got into" a game of poker with an Indian. Civilisation has done much for the red man in providing him with cards, and this at a time when he is in a position to take advantage of them. No more is he called upon to hunt the buffalo on the plains in order that the family may be provided for. He now belongs to the American leisure class, and while he cannot join his happy white brethren in their "break-beam rides," still his reservation is generally extensive and his lot is an enviable one. Scalp-hunting lit up the face of his father and made his eyes sparkle, but this is not for him, and the subtle pleasure of seeing his enemy tortured is also denied. Nothing now occurs in his daily life sufficiently exciting to stimulate his muscles of expression, and it is this very fact which eminently fits him for America's National Game; whether his "draw" is satisfactory or not cannot be guessed from his face or actions. From what we could hear of this particular game, they were having a "jack pot" for penknives. The Indian, after looking at his hand, "opened the pot" for a horse blanket. Our man "called" this and "raised him" one of H.'s sheets, which the Indian saw, with a squaw, and forgetting that it was not his own deal, he "raised him back" a horse; this was "called" and cards taken. The play went merrily on most of the night, and when it was over, our man, who was naturally very kind and humane, allowed the native to keep the squaw, but took everything else he possessed. The ungrateful heathen hunted around until breakfast time after our fellow, want-

ing him to have just one more "hand" with the Indian, himself, dealing. He even had the audacity to follow us for miles, talking things over. At last our man, turning in his saddle, called him dreadful names; in fact, one could not think of anything he did not call him. The poor red man just said, "You are the same," and turning on his heel, walked away with that great dignity peculiar to his race.

In the springtime there is high water in the Seasash, caused by melting snow. This renders the ordinary road impassable, so the mail is carried in over what is called the high water trail. This path follows the high places, thus avoiding the water. I tried it for a little way as it cut off about a mile, but afterwards was perfectly satisfied to travel the roundabout country road.

By one o'clock we had reached a hotel, so we decided to lunch. The place was built of logs, and on entering, the visitor found himself in a large room having a bar on one side and some round tables covered with green baize on the other. A handsome portrait of Martha Washington and two early pictures of Eve decorated the wall on one side, while a photograph of the proprietor and his wife seated upon a plush couch with two bull pups, and "God Bless Our Home" above it, adorned the other, and imparted a softening effect to the whole. Opposite the door of entrance was another leading to the dining-room, which was shut off from the sleeping accommodations on one side, and the kitchen on the other, by curtains. A back door led from



the dining-room outside to where the basin stood on an empty biscuit box, with the towel suspended from a branch beside it, and the soap and comb rested on a shingle placed between the logs above. As many of the frontier hotels resemble this, I describe it in detail. Oh, the luxury of civilisation after the wilds! We had an excellent lunch, and paying our own bill and one for the men we had sent back, again "hit the trail." We learned that Tex had remained in Warren, having been paid off at Five Mile, but the other fellows were ahead of us.

At six P. M. we reached Upper Payette Lake and here we found our advance guard. They could not think of cooking for themselves or sleeping in tents when there was a hotel at hand, and when we were following and paying their bills, so they were comfortably ensconced in the road house, while we selected a nice site for our camp and enjoyed a good night's rest.

On the morning of the 28th we started on our last march. In a few hours we were again at beautiful Payette Lake, enjoying the ride by the shore. We took lunch at the house we had patronised before and by the evening were in camp at Meadows.

We now decided to catch the only train of the day at Council the next afternoon, but in discussing the matter with our men, they said that it would be absolutely impossible under any circumstances for our jaded horses and worn-out guides to reach Council in time for the train, consequently we paid them off at Meadows and hired a four-horse stage to take us, with our effects, over to the train. Of



course the men had to be paid up until such time as they reached the places where they had been engaged. The next morning at four we were up loading the stage. We soon found that it could not take everything and knowing that what was left behind might easily be lost, we arranged with the landlord of the hotel to send a special express over with our traps, guaranteeing to catch the two P. M. train.

The drive behind four horses through the beautiful wild country was very delightful. An hour after leaving Meadows we stopped for breakfast. It was then daylight but intensely cold. However, it warmed up when the sun rose higher. After breakfast we travelled very fast, arriving at Council two hours before train time. Our disgust can be imagined when we found there was no train that afternoon, as it had changed its time to late in the evening. Our extra stage had been quite unnecessary, and to crown all when the express came in with our baggage, it turned out to be our outfit, which could not possibly, under any circumstances, manage the trip for us, but when paid off by us could manage it quite easily for themselves, especially when paid a second time by the hotel keeper. We arrived at Weiser in time for the midnight train, having had an enjoyable trip, in spite of the fact that we never saw a wild animal. H. caught sixteen trout, while I caught one and found eight sardines; these with the three grouse making up our bag.



A CRUISE ON GREAT SALT LAKE





## A CRUISE ON GREAT SALT LAKE

It is uncertain who was the first white visitor to Great Salt Lake. Probably the honour belongs to that adventurous Canadian, James Bridger, but possibly to early trappers. Too much reliance cannot be placed in the statements of some trappers, as the line between what they have actually seen, and what they have heard, is sometimes ill-defined, and the temptation to round the story out is often irresistible—their knowledge of the local languages again, and their familiarity with local traditions, giving them the whip hand. Beyond the shadow of a doubt the first white man to enter the valley was an exploring priest called Escalante. This man, in 1776, made his way down what is now called Spanish Fork Canyon, and from the Indians he met, heard of the wonderful body of water a few leagues farther north. Escalante was not sufficiently curious to visit its shores, but skirting the south of Utah Lake went on his way. From this padre, we first hear of the water fowl found on Utah Lake, and his Reverence, I am sure, was sportsman enough to try his hand at the canvasbacks and redheads. As there were no restricting laws in those days he probably did pretty well, but he wisely left no record of his bag lest the perusal of it might shake the confidence of the public in his other statements.

We are told that the Great Basin in which Great Salt Lake is the largest remaining body of water, is over two hundred thousand square miles in extent, while Lake Bonneville, which originally existed in the basin, and of which Salt Lake is a remnant, had an area of over nineteen thousand. It is interesting to view the old shore lines high up on the mountain sides, to wander along these and to note the ripple marks and pebbles found on the ancient beaches. It is fascinating to speculate on the changes which took place during the rapid lowering of the original lake as erosion enlarged its outlet. Did such another reservoir ever burst?

The present Salt Lake is over four thousand feet above sea level and some seventy miles long by fifty broad. It owes its name to the fact that it holds in solution a greater percentage of solids than any other large body of water in the world excepting the Dead Sea. These salts are principally chloride and sulphate of sodium, and chloride of magnesium, and the solution is so concentrated that the hair and dress of the bather become incrustated with them a few minutes after emerging from the water, while the skin looks as though it had been dusted over with flour. As the lake is very shallow around its edge, a rise or fall of a few feet—which can easily occur—makes a great difference in its area. There being no outlet, its depth depends upon precipitation and evaporation and the balance is tolerably well-preserved. Salt Lake is surrounded by high mountains, except on

its west side, where the desert comes in, and a number of rocky islands dot its surface. Of the islands, the largest are Antelope and Stansbury. On the former exists a herd of bison and as the conditions prevailing upon the island are exactly similar to those which were enjoyed by the ancestors of the herd, they thrive, and are likely to remain objects of scientific interest for many a day. Sometimes the water between Antelope Island and the main land gets so low that one can ride or drive across. Occasionally at such times, a bull, which cannot accept old age gracefully, becomes dissatisfied with playing second fiddle and makes his way to the main land, creating consternation in the hearts of the ranchers he may visit, and inducing the signing of his own death warrant. Once a troublesome travelling bull of this description had been returned to the island, but he was not satisfied with the life, having tasted the sweets of twentieth century civilisation, and so he became very troublesome and eventually gave me my first and probably last shot at an American buffalo. I may add that it took several shoulder shots as he dashed past a hundred yards away, to bring him down.

The second large island, Stansbury, and another called Fremont, are of no interest, but the smaller ones attract the ornithologist, as upon them myriads of birds congregate at the nesting season. I was anxious to make a trip around the lake, so sought out the skipper and owner of the good boat *Cambria*. His name—Captain Davis—further



suggested his nationality, and I found that he had navigated these waters for years, and was very well up on the points of interest. Like all bodies of water occurring in mountainous countries, Great Salt Lake is subject to sudden and violent storms, and the waves of dense water lashed up by these, can rapidly bring destruction to the frail craft found around the resorts. The *Cambria* was a twin boat and well built; the deck which connected the two halves was about a foot above the water, the keels were two or three feet lower than the deck, and the cabins along each side were about three feet above it. She had a good spread of canvas and a petrol engine, with twin screws. The engine was open to the weather and stood rather aft of mid-ships. On the whole, one could not have selected a safer looking craft than this—the largest vessel upon America's Dead Sea.

Daggett, Young and myself chartered this boat for a few days' cruise, and as everything depended upon the weather, we looked forward anxiously to a certain afternoon in May when we were to start from Saltair. The country between the city and the lake is flat and arid. At first sagebrush and grease wood relieve the eye, but as the lake is neared, the vegetation becomes sparse; areas of bare surface appearing, whitened with an alkaline crust, and presenting a scene of absolute desolation. Saltair is the principal resort upon the shores of the lake, and was interesting to us only as a point of departure. There lay the boat, and not the faintest zephyr stirred the surface of the



water. We started our engine and soon the bathing boxes of the long pier were passed and we were headed for Antelope Island, and for that particular part of it called White Rock Bay.

We had advanced a few hundred yards from the pier, when one of those things happened to our engine which is liable to happen to such engines without reference to time or place—it stopped. The engineer cranked, the crew cranked, and then we all cranked. The heat of the afternoon suggested Babel Mandeb in August, and caused us all to think. As time passed, our thoughts found expression, and the expressions were in keeping with the temperature. Then the machine was overhauled, the batteries were tested, wires were thrust through tubes and everything was put together again, but it refused to move. D. had a mathematical mind and asked questions which were too deep for the engineer. He offered suggestions which were not taken and just as we had all reached the limit of our patience, the great engine of the *Cambria* revolved and we were off. A long time had been spent at this performance and the afternoon was wearing away. Dark clouds were rising in the west and the lowering sun was illuminating their edges with gold, but we kept on, hardly daring to move or speak lest the machinery should go wrong again. Nothing that I have ever seen approaches in grandeur a sunset over Great Salt Lake. Even when the day has been cloudless, some vapours will appear in the west about sundown and add to the beauty of the scene. This evening the western sky looked threat-

ening, and as night came on it was the darkness of Erebus. The coasts of the lake are not lighted, and we carried neither masthead nor side lights, but the Captain had taken his bearings well, and there were no currents to sweep us off our course, consequently we went on in the darkness until the engine stopped again of its own accord. Soundings were taken and the Captain said that we were "about where we wanted to be," so we anchored. The galley fire had been going, and fragrant odours had from time to time floated aft, so with a sense of relief we sat down to our supper on deck and did it ample justice. After the usual smoke, we looked around for sleeping accommodations and I decided—having brought my bedding—to camp between the wheel and the engine. There was a spot sheltered by cabins on each side and by a low poop, aft, and should a storm break I could easily get under cover.

How wonderful was the silence that night upon the lake! On the ocean, even in the doldrums, there is the sobbing of the swell against the ship sides, and on the land there are noisy insects, but here there was not the faintest sound. We soon turned in, and when the bright sun awoke me about five the following morning, there was nothing moving on board. We lay at anchor at the mouth of a bay in which there was a large white rock probably one hundred yards long and less than half as broad. It stood up like the back of a huge white elephant and multitudes of gulls were hovering around it. The shores of the bay were low, but



GULLS ON WHITE ROCK





high sombre hills formed the background, and as both water and sky were blue, the scene was very beautiful. Astern floated our punt, so drawing it up I got in and unfastening the painter, sculled off to the rock. I noticed that a number of blue herons (*Ardea herodias*) sailed away as I approached, but their big nests could be seen on the high places. The gulls, which were Californian (*Larus californicus*) and a few ringed (*Larus delawarensis*), were perfectly fearless, sitting around on the rocks, while I drew the punt out on some pebbles and prepared for a bath.

There is nothing more delightful than a swim in these briny waters, provided the brine is kept out of the nose and eyes. The skin tingles with the irritation, and a feeling of wellbeing is imparted. Swimming is difficult owing to the density, but as sinking is impossible, one can be partially submerged and enjoy a rest. After my bath I looked for nests. The rock, which was a mass of quartzite, had a gull's nest on nearly every flat spot. On a number of the highest pinnacles, those of herons' were seen, perhaps a dozen in all. They were large and built of grease wood, rabbit brush, and sage, and in one I noticed the dried-up remains of a carp. Eggs or young birds were in each, but while we were upon the rock, the old herons remained on the main island, or flew about at a respectful distance. The gulls' eggs were larger than those of kittiwakes, but smaller than herring gulls', and presented the same variations in colour and markings.



I had been so interested in the rock that the boat was forgotten, until looking in its direction, I saw that it had spread its wings and was now quite close to me, a faint air having blown it in. Taking the punt back, the others insisted on landing before we had breakfasted, after which another visit was made to the birds, and photos of gulls taken, then we visited the shore of the bay and finding nothing of interest, we returned to the *Cambria*. Having spent a delightful morning we now discussed with Captain Davis our next move. The faint breeze was an advantage if our propellers would go, as it was cool and pleasant, but if we had to make our entire trip under canvas, it would be slow work, indeed. However, we had nothing else to do.

The Captain thought that there might be more wind away from the land, so we stood out of the bay, and then put the boat on her course for Egg Island, which lies between Antelope and Fremont. While she was gliding onward, we again amused ourselves with the engine, to no purpose. The breeze freshened a little and we began to run down our latitude pretty fast, so that by the time dinner was over, we had reached Egg Island, and the anchor was dropped about four bells in the afternoon. Egg Island, which is several acres in extent, lies very low and is covered with large rocks. Numbers of gulls hovered over it or sat on the rocks and watched us. Our main object in coming to this island was to find whether the double-crested cormorant (*Phalacrocorax dilophus*) nested there.



HERON'S NEST

DOUBLE CRESTED CORMORANT'S NEST





As we approached in the punt, we saw a flock of these birds going off, not to return during our visit. On landing we were greeted by the gulls. Seeing a large weed-built nest on the rock we examined it and found that it contained four young cormorants. They had very little down, were perfectly black, and shone like a kid glove. We found several dozen cormorants' nests on the higher rocks; they were close together and some had eggs, while others had birds of different sizes. There were more young birds than eggs, so we concluded that they were the first to nest, as there were no young gulls out, and not many herons. Around the cormorants' nests there were numbers of fish bones and sometimes dried carp.

After spending an hour or two exploring, we returned to the punt and on the way found what was very curious, that many of the young birds in the cormorants' nests were dead. The intensely hot sun shining down on the little black things had killed them. Evidently they required their mother's protection and their mothers were too shy to return while we were there. The eggs of this species are usually of a pale greenish-blue colour, more or less covered with a deposit of chalk, but in this case, only the very fresh eggs answered the description, as nest markings were formed almost at once, probably by insects. The spots were equally deposited all over the eggs, and those in which the incubation period had almost expired, were as densely spotted as the eggs of a Scotch grouse. One could find a very remarkable series

of clutches, presenting nearly every variety of marking, but in each case the distribution of the spots was equal over every part of the egg. Afternoon tea was ready when we returned to the boat where we held another consultation. Between Fremont Island and the mouth of the Weber River, we looked up into Bear River Bay, that most wonderful resort of ducks and other water fowl, but the mouth of Bear River, with its mud banks, was no place for a huge craft like the *Cambria*. To the west of us ran the great bridge of the Southern Pacific Railway. We could see the smoke of the engines crossing it, and it shut us off from several little islands lying beyond, so there was only one thing for us to do and that was to cross the lake to Hat Island, the summer home of a colony of American white pelican (*P. erythrorhynchus*) and to see what they were about. We knew that it was a passage of some thirty miles, more or less, and a nasty place in bad weather. Some one, for exercise, cranked the engine and off it went. The sails flapped idly, as there was no wind to fill them, and the boat cut her way at a rapid rate through the smooth blue water.

A few hours later, the top of Hat Island became visible, and we soon ran up to it. The water about the island is very shallow, so we anchored a considerable distance off and took the punt in to a rude stone pier. This had been constructed by some speculative persons, who conceived the idea of shipping guano from the island, but the industry appears to have come to an end. Hat Island,



M. Brooks.

WHITE PELICAN  
YOUNG PELICAN ON HAT ISLAND





as the name would suggest, looks like a hat from a distance, but when close, it is seen to be a low island of fifty or sixty acres, with a hill in the middle of it. Grease wood grows over it and some sage, while hundreds of thousands of gulls breed upon it. As we walked towards the rocky hill, I caught two gulls with my hands. One could not get off its nest under a grease wood, and the other was between two rocks, so could not spread its wings.

On a strip of sand running off towards the south, the Captain told us that several Sandwich terns nested every year. Ascending the hill, we looked cautiously over and saw what we had come to inspect, the colony of pelican. There they were, the great ungainly creatures, standing about on the low ground beyond the hill. Their nests did not cover more than a few acres of ground. Presently they found us out and got away, flying to the sand spit, where they lit to watch us. Young was quite a hundred yards off on my left, and I saw a pelican getting up beside him. Having a 22 rifle, I fired at it, making the greatest shot of my life, for I broke its neck. The bird was a fine male specimen, having the crest on the upper bill only found at this season. There is no food supply for these birds anywhere near Hat Island. They must fish at the mouth of the Bear River, or on the Jordan River marshes, as the animal life of the lake is not fed upon by any of the birds.

Of the creatures found in these waters, by far the largest and most interesting is the brine shrimp (*Artemia fertilis*). Doctor Talmage, who has

given much time to the study of its life history, tells us that "It is a tiny crustacean, one-third of an inch long and capable of adapting itself to great variation in the composition of the water in which it lives." So great is the adaptability of some members of this family that they actually change their type, the abdominal segments increasing in number, or decreasing according to the salinity of the water and this in a remarkably short time.

We now descended to the pelican nests, and found them scattered about everywhere over a certain area. There were no gulls' eggs in the neighborhood of the colony; evidently they were not on good terms with each other. Large white chalk-incrusted eggs lay about on the sand in twos and threes, little attempt being made at nest forming, a slight hollow in the sand answering the purpose. As darkness was coming on, we returned to the boat and enjoyed another peaceful night, the stillness being broken only by the noise of the gulls.

After a very early breakfast next morning we landed again. The pelicans had not returned, but were sitting in a great white flock on the sand where they had gone the night before. We again visited their breeding place and found that the busy gulls had been there before us and disturbed all the nests. The eggs had been rolled out and in some cases were broken, while the neighbourhood presented a very tossed appearance. I should say that frequent visits to the island would end in extermination of the colony, as the big shy birds would give the gulls the opportunity of which they



SALTAIR  
ON BOARD THE CAMBRIA





would take advantage. It would have been interesting to have returned there in a day or two to have seen whether the pelicans had brought their eggs to the old nests, or had started others.

Having satisfied our curiosity, D. took some photos and we retraced our steps, getting on board by ten. The anchor was soon up, and our course laid off for Saltair, the *Cambria* being under canvas and a gentle breeze filling her sails. By midday the heat was intense and, the wind having died down, we took advantage of the opportunity to have a swim—after which the engine was started and we made good time to our destination. As we neared the shore the old beaches on the mountain above Garfield showed up well, and they could easily be traced along the foothills of the Wasatch range, miles away to the east. Arriving at Saltair, we bid farewell to the *Cambria*, which was being laid up for new and powerful engines, and to her genial Captain.



## GOAT SHOOTING IN MONTANA





## GOAT SHOOTING IN MONTANA

The Rocky Mountain antelope-goat (*Haplocerus Montanus*) is still to be found in considerable numbers in some of the northwestern States, particularly Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, also in British Columbia. It owes its existence quite as much to the wildness of the country it inhabits, and to the fact that its flesh is not a delicacy, as to the game laws which regulate the bag of the head hunter. Goats are found as far south as the Saw Tooth Mountains in Idaho, but so much prospecting has been done in that country that they are seen there now only in small numbers and on the higher peaks. Sheep are much more general in their distribution and, while extremely difficult to secure during the open season, in the winter they come down from their heights and often supply a valuable addition to the slender larder of the frontier rancher, to whom they fall a comparatively easy prey. Travelling north, one finds goats in considerable numbers in the Bitter Root country and they become more numerous as the British Columbian line is approached.

As the goats spend much of their time above the timber line, around glacial lakes, and on almost inaccessible cliffs, for a long time they escaped the eyes of scientific sportsmen and were known of by

rumour only. In fact, it is only within the last thirty years or so that one finds accurate accounts of goat hunting or scientific descriptions of the animals themselves, published. In the early days, railroad facilities did not exist to any great extent and the enthusiastic sportsman who undertook the pursuit of this animal had a long and arduous journey before him. Now, however, a comfortable Pullman car takes the tourist to within a few miles of their haunts, and with a little climbing and straight shooting heads can easily be obtained, as these animals are either perfectly fearless or exceedingly stupid.

Baillie-Grohman's book, "Sport and Life," recommended the northwest corner of Montana, so I decided upon that neighbourhood. I succeeded in procuring the services of Tom Dawson, of Midvale, Montana, as guide, and having made arrangements with two friends, C. and J., started for the Northwest. We found ourselves at six A. M., on September 12, with nearly a day to wait at Havre, a junction town on the Great Northern Railway, so driving over to Fort Assiniboine, a few miles away, we enjoyed the hospitality of one of the officers. The fort is situated on a rolling prairie and from it can be seen only uncultivated prairie and cloudless sky. A cool, exhilarating breeze was blowing, which was delightful after the great heat elsewhere and the stuffy train. We practiced at the butts, and amused ourselves until the time of departure.

Some hours later we arrived at Browning on the

Blackfoot Indian reservation, where we were obliged to spend the night, for the train which stopped at Midvale did not leave till next morning. The town is some distance from the station and we had difficulty in finding accommodation when we arrived there, but at last we succeeded in securing a room at the hotel. Here one of us took a cot with a spring mattress and no bed clothes, while the other two had a bed without springs, but with some bedding. Our wing was built of logs, and from our room we not only had an excellent view of the rooms on either side, but glimpses of those beyond, as the logs had nothing between them and did not fit closely. The Indian proprietor had a splendid command of English and a sharp tongue. I asked him whether it would take long to go from Browning to where there was game, and his answer, that "it depended upon the direction one went," was characteristic. Before retiring we deposited money for our game licenses with the store keeper, and this he sent to the game warden of Montana. The licenses were delivered to us at Dawson's on our return, which enabled us to take our game out of the State. They allowed us each to kill six goats, one wapiti, and two deer.

The next morning we caught our train and soon arrived at Midvale, which is about twelve miles east of the summit of the Rockies, and very picturesquely situated. Midvale has a section house, a water tank, and about a mile from the station is the residence of our guide. Communication is maintained between the station and the guide's



house by means of a telephone, the instrument being connected with one of the wires in the fence. We expected to be met at the train, as we had telegraphed, but there was no one at the station, so we went over and saw Dawson, who told us that on the following morning he would be ready. There is no way of hurrying any one in the West, so we accepted the inevitable and spent the day prowling about and looking for grouse, which could not be found.

The next morning we started early, with three guides, a cook, and a boy. Our tents, a stove, bedding, and provisions were all on pack horses, so we had quite a cavalcade. At first we travelled north, having a rugged mountain with a pine-clad base, on our left, and a rather flat, well-wooded country on our right. By noon we were going west and we soon emerged from the forest on the shore of a beautiful blue lake, called the Lower Two Medicine Lake. This was about two miles long and half a mile wide, with heavy timber on each side growing down to the water's edge. Looking up the lake and through the gap between two mountains, we saw the dim outline of Rising Wolf, a rocky dome and a good mountain for sheep. This was not so very far away, but the forest fires raging in the Kalispell country, fifty or sixty miles off, had caused a veil of smoke to hang over the landscape and to hide much of the detail. Keeping the lake on our left, we followed a good trail until we reached the stream supplying it. This we crossed, and after some hours in heavy timber, halted at the



east end of the middle Two Medicine Lake, and at the south base of Rising Wolf, where we camped amid scenery magnificent and beautiful, between the large lake several miles long, and a small one several hundred yards across. A narrow strait connecting the lakes separated us from the snow-patched cliffs of Rising Wolf, while the lower country everywhere around was covered with heavy black forest. Looking up the large lake, we saw the towering summit of Rockwell, while toward the southwest the sky line was broken by rugged peaks. Two birds were in sight from our camp, an osprey (*P. halucetus*) hovering around the cliffs, and a ruddy duck (*E. rubida*) sitting on the lake. Coming through the forest I had flushed another, a dusky grouse (*C. obscura*), and these were the only birds seen all day. This smallest of American grouse is very handsome. It looks almost black and white, with a bright red patch of bare skin above each eye. It is remarkable how few birds there are in a western American forest. One can travel all day without seeing a feather, and the dead silence is broken only by the occasional chatter of a squirrel.

Our camping ground was ideally situated, being a clearing of about a quarter of an acre with heavy timber on three sides and the little creek on the other. In a very short time all was bustle. Horses were unpacked and tents were set up, while the cook attended to his, the most important part of the work. We took some photos, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the smoky atmosphere

they were not a success. At sundown we were dining by a splendid camp fire and a very enthusiastic party we made. Dawson, who was partly Indian and partly Scotch, was a wonderfully well-informed man. He discussed Blücher's movements at Waterloo, the natural history of *Ovis ammon* and the martyrs of the Bass Rock, one of whom had been an ancestor of his. Certainly, one does not expect to hear anything of the Conventicle Acts of 1670 when hunting goats in the wilds of Montana. I shall always associate in my own mind Covenanters, solan geese and antelope goats. Afterwards, when looking over Dawson's library, I found out how he had become so well posted, as he had nearly all the standard authors and a great many books on obtuse subjects.

The night was beautiful, and we slept well until the rattle of pots and pans awoke us in the morning. Our guide pointed out places on Rising Wolf where he had at times killed sheep, but sheep were protected this year, so we did not allow ourselves to think about them. It always takes a good while to arrange packs and to get them on. Loading a wagon can be done the night before, but pack animals must be left to the last minute. The operation was performed in less time each day as C. and J. became rather expert at the diamond hitch, but my attempts were feeble in the extreme. When we broke camp, J. succeeded in taking a good snapshot at some of us in the creek, as the smoke had not yet rolled down on the landscape. Crossing the water we kept along the north shore of the



LEAVING OUR FIRST CAMP  
OUR SECOND CAMP





lake, but many feet above it and through very dense forest. In some places it was all the horses, with big packs, could do to push through, and our progress was very slow. Several times I wished for a canoe, as the lake was just beside us, and it would have saved us so much trouble, tearing and scraping.

At last we reached the base of wild, rugged Rockwell, but the smoke had come, and a photograph was impossible. These rocky peaks rising out of the forest were splendid. Passing Rockwell we entered the Big Horn Basin and continuing our way west, soon saw a rocky pinnacle about two thousand feet high. At the foot of this, and on its north side, there was a dark-looking lake which we reached after a few hundred feet of precipitous climbing and we unpacked for lunch on its shore. As the sun was on the south side of this pinnacle, and as the water was bounded by the cliffs on one side and was surrounded on the others by high black timber, it certainly looked cold and gloomy. Three ruddy ducks fluttered across as we approached—scratching the water with their tails—and these, with a couple of noisy but sociable Clark's crows, which watched the lunch arrangements with deep interest, were the only birds about. Squirrels and chipmunks, however, were very numerous and tame.

After a halt of an hour or so we started for the summit. The trail, which led through timber and brush, was so steep that our time was slow. It took us several hours to reach the top of the Two Medi-

cine Pass, but when there the view was grand and our guides told us that this was the goat country, and that they were seldom seen east of the divide. Looking down on the west side from our storm-swept perch, we saw, far below, the dark forest-covered valley, from the opposite side of which steep slides of frost-split rock led up to precipices which towered, ledge upon ledge, for thousands of feet, affording an excellent home for the game we were hunting and a fair field for the mountaineer. Down the valley to the north we saw the mountain, upon the ravine side of which lay the Pompelly Glacier, while up the valley to the south and over the divide at which it ended, were seen the rocky domes and spires of mountains beyond, absolutely devoid of vegetation. The zigzag trail we followed led down the shale in a dangerous-looking way, but in an hour or so we had reached the scrub without a slip and then it was much easier.

Never have I seen such a crop of huckleberries as grew on that mountain side, and, of course, evidences of bears were constantly passed. The ground was torn up for many square feet in places and wallows were also seen. The bears here are nearly all grizzly, and at some seasons, can be easily shot over a bait, but at this time, with so much fruit around, they would be difficult to tempt. When we had descended to timber, elk tracks were numerous and little trees were often passed with the bark stripped off by elk bulls rubbing the velvet from their horns. Deer tracks were also in evidence. The deer here are principally white tail,



GETTING NEAR THE SUMMIT  
READY TO START





although some mule also occur. An hour or so before sunset we camped in a little park at the base of mighty cliffs, upon which we could see far away two flocks of goats—six in one and four in the other. So far as these particular goats were concerned, in this particular place, they had nothing to fear from me, as my climbing powers are not of the highest order, but it was encouraging to have game in sight.

While our men were getting tents ready, we scattered about to see what was to be seen. On the east side of the valley a great landslide had occurred many years before, and this had swept down acres of forest. The large boulders had travelled faster and farther than the rest of the slide and had torn up great trees. It was interesting to see the havoc wrought. Thinking there might be a bear hidden in this debris, I climbed through it for some distance, but saw nothing. In many cases the trees had rotted, and, while preserving the semblance of great trunks, they gave no support, but often let one sink through, making it such exhausting work that I was glad to return to camp.

The sky was cloudy and the wind rising when we turned in. Having had coffee shortly before going to bed, I slept badly, and when a gale broke about midnight it soon had me wide awake. The tempest howled and there was some thunder. It was grand, but I never can enjoy grandeur by myself, and besides it would have been selfish not to have let some one else enjoy it. There lay C. sleeping like a child,—C., to whom the banging of bursting shrapnell

had been as music. How annoyed he would be if he missed this! Accordingly, I punched him in the ribs a number of times—he was so hard to arouse—but when he awoke, he asked me in the sweetest possible way what I wanted. I told him that it was a wild night and he seemed awfully pleased at being called and said so. He was not one of those who never say nice things about a friend while the friend is alive—he said nice things, there and then, as we sat up together and listened to the storm. At one time I knew that he was feeling for me in the dark, so I kept out of his way, as I dislike sentimental outbursts. After a time the storm died down and we both went to sleep.

On the morning of the 16th we turned out to find the day beautiful. The usual odour of coffee and fried bacon—inseparable from the morning camp—brought us to the dining tent, and at breakfast it was decided that Dawson should take me up the valley towards the south, and that the others should go north and try the cliffs on the west side. Four goats were still in sight about a mile away up the mountain. One could not have had a shot at them from the foot of the cliffs, as they were only visible to an observer standing some distance off, and the ledges upon which they were could not have been reached by human foot. Ascending the valley, we crushed our way through the thick alder brush by a creek and climbed over fallen trees until we came to a cliff about a hundred feet high, running across the end of the valley and forming the divide. To reach the top of this we had to climb



A NICE SHOULDER TO CLIMB  
DAWSON





obliquely up the side of the hill bounding the valley on the east, and then we explored some timber on the summit, and examined the cliffs around with glasses in the hope of seeing goats. As nothing was in sight, we climbed a slide which led up through a break in a cliff. From this we reached a ledge a few feet wide and covered with loose shale. As we moved along this, the disturbed shale would slide over the edge and fall to the bottom of the cliff. Dawson ran along the ledge like an acrobat, but as my Alpine work had all been done by rail, I certainly did not enjoy the half hour we spent going around that particular place. That this trip was for his pleasure was evident, as any goats found there could easily have been shot from below. We returned by the same way, coming down the slide which was exceedingly dangerous, as we started regular little avalanches.

Going over the divide, we explored some heavy timber well on the other side, and seeing only a few tracks, came back to camp. C. turned up soon after, but J. did not get in until late—neither having seen anything. There was no storm to disturb our slumber that night, and on the 17th we were up early. Six goats were in sight just above the camp. They could scarcely be seen without glasses and were quite safe. The day was beautiful and we went off in much the same directions as the morning before. My guide again took me up the valley and over the divide. We passed the scene of our previous climb and keeping to the east, found ourselves in the wildest country I have ever been in. We lunched at

some little ponds on a small plateau covered with short grass and overlooking a vast basin, at the bottom of which we could see azure spots which represented lakes, set in the usual dark green forest. A deep canyon led away from this basin which I was told was one of the best places for sheep. We spent a long time examining the cliffs for white spots, but not seeing any, retraced our steps. On the way back, we frequently heard the peculiar whistle of the marmot, and for a time could not make out what it was.

I was the first to arrive at camp, C. and J. coming in as it was getting dark, and dragging with them the skins of three big goats which they had been fortunate enough to meet, face to face, on a ledge just as they turned a corner. The one killed by C. was the largest, but they were all fine, and the horns were thick. Now that there was game in camp we were very cheerful, and decided to move our quarters one day's pack further in, so next morning we sent a man with an axe to clear a trail for the horses into a quiet valley of which Dawson knew, and which had not been visited by man for some years. We started about nine, and going down the valley reached two little lakes around which there were plenty of elk tracks. Passing on, we came to heavy timber, and seeing some fresh blazes, turned west up a rather steep slope. The man with the axe had been ahead, boughs had been cut and occasional logs chopped so that the pack animals were able to get through. No unnecessary chopping had been done, and one unac-

customed to the wilds would never have suspected that, by going up here, a valley running at right angles to the main one would be reached. There was the usual stream, but it was so hidden by alders and brush as to escape notice. Travel was exceedingly difficult—pushing through dense brush with a pack train always is. The valley we entered was bounded by high rocky mountains on both sides, and from the appearance of the place, we might have been the first people to have entered it. A very occasional freshly cut branch showed that our man had passed this way, but he did not pave it to any extent.

In the afternoon we reached a little grassy place at the foot of an immense amphitheatre of rock and by the creek. We had not rested for lunch but had pushed on, so were glad to reach our journey's end. This was not such an attractive camp as the previous one, there being only willows, alders, and scrub immediately around the tents, with the bleak rocky background. The dense forest, however, was not far off across the stream. Just before reaching camp, and in an exceedingly dense place, I noticed a pile of logs about the size of railway sleepers; they were moss grown and perfectly rotten. One expected to find a skeleton some place, or something indicating the whereabouts of buried treasure. We refreshed ourselves and bathed our scratches by the stream while the tents were going up, and we scanned the cliffs for game. In one place we thought we could make out with glasses a white weather-beaten log lying on a ledge, and what



looked like stumps of branches sticking out from it. While watching we suddenly saw that the apparent log was really seven goats lying along a ledge, their hairy legs hanging over, giving the appearance of branches. This was revealed to us by one standing up and presently jumping onto the ledge below, and a minute later, they were all walking about. A timber-grown shoulder ran up the right side of the amphitheatre to a final cliff. Long before this was reached, however, the pines had almost disappeared, only an occasional dwarfed one being seen. Looking at this for a while, I decided that it was possible for me to go up the shoulder and get within shot of the goats. I climb rather well when there are trees or shrubs about—bare rocks being my *bête noir*. Dawson told us we must not think of attempting the ascent at that hour as it would be exceedingly dangerous, and probably mean remaining on the mountain all night. Sitting at our late lunch, I made up my mind to try the climb, being the only member of the party who had nothing to my credit.

Getting my rifle and slipping into the brush beside the tents, I found a dry creek bed, well hidden by scrub, and following this for a while, succeeded in reaching the timber. Climbing a timber-clad mountain, it is surprising to find how different it appears than when viewed from the valley! This shoulder was very steep, and while appearing well timbered from below it was really quite a climb from one tree to the next. Going up, the trees soon began to dwarf and I had to keep on



the side of the ridge remote from the game. It was very hard work, and the light was getting dim when I reached the place opposite where the herd had been, so creeping up on to the shoulder, and behind a tree about a foot high, I looked over. The view was magnificent—the black valley below, the white dot-like tents, and the wild rocky precipices on the mountain side, one above the other, with shale-covered ledges between them. Immediately above me, there was a final precipice and at its base a stony slope twenty yards or so wide. On this and away around the amphitheatre, I saw the goats lying down. They were probably six or seven hundred yards off, and without glasses, indistinctly seen in the failing light. Half way around there was a solitary animal—it was moving about amongst big rocks and I decided to try this as soon as I could breathe easily. Nothing could be more awkward than taking a rifle shot while lying on a very steep slope covered with slippery buffalo grass. A yielding scrub pine gave no feeling of security, but was the only thing I could put my foot against. I could not tell where the first bullet hit, but the report echoed around the cliffs so that the goat stood still, probably confused. The second bullet hit the shale beyond and caused my quarry to come towards me at a trot. Had I waited, it would have, no doubt, passed between me and the cliff, as probably the only way to the top was around this shoulder, but every time it appeared from behind a rock, I fired, and after four or five shots it tumbled and rolled over the cliff below.

Climbing down the shoulder rapidly, the goat was seen caught behind a big rock at the foot of a precipice. Making my way along a ledge to it, I was disgusted to find that I had hit the head and knocked it to pieces. One horn was gone and the scalp so badly torn that it could not be used. I had not even the comfort of knowing that a good shot had been made, for I had fired at the shoulder and not at the head. Taking the one horn, I climbed down to camp and got there when darkness was coming on, feeling that although I had dared to disobey Tom Dawson, there was a goat to my credit. When my disappearance from camp was discovered, J. took his rifle and strolled up the valley to see what was to be seen. After a while he came to a little park, and saw standing in it a magnificent bull elk. As he was about to fire, the report of my first shot frightened the beast, but he managed to drop him before he got into the timber. It was a splendid fourteen pointer with good spread and heavy beam. There was also some palmation, such as one frequently sees in Montana heads. Four goats and one elk were now to the credit of the party, and the latter would yield us an unlimited supply of fresh venison, which was very much to be desired. My solitary horn was a poor trophy, but it represented a lot of hard work and had a value in my eyes.

Another beautiful morning dawned and we were eager to be off as soon as breakfast was over. J., taking a couple of men and a pack horse, went after his elk, while C. and myself, with Dawson, decided



J.'S WAPITI  
IN CAMP





to follow the goats. There was not quite so much smoke in this valley, so J. managed to obtain some very good snap-shots at objects near at hand. Distant scenes, however, were always more or less hazy, which was a pity, as it was one of the very wildest countries possible, and some of the views from high places were indescribably beautiful. A rather indistinct game trail led up the valley by the creek and this we followed for several miles. There is an abominable black alder which grows by all these streams. Dozens and dozens of branches come from one root, and the weight of the snow in the winter time flattens these down to some extent. Should one approach an alder-bordered creek, he at once faces the points of these straight twelve or fifteen foot branches, and the difficulty of getting through is very great,—almost impossible with a pack horse unless one has an axe.

While pushing through the forest, we saw three goats high up the mountain above us. I wanted to try them from where we were, but Dawson started to climb and we followed. We could occasionally hear displaced stones rolling down, but we saw nothing of our game until we were half way up, when they were seen to climb a rock slide and disappear over the top. They had winded us and were making very good time for goats. After our exertion we called a halt, to rest and to spy out the country. I was not so high up as the others and was sitting behind a rock when a golden eagle swooped around the corner with the intention of settling where I rested. I could easily have shot



it as it was slow to recover from its surprise and in starting on its journey again. They are protected in Montana, but what a toll in kids a couple of eagles must collect in one year off these cliffs.

Once in the west far up in the cloudless sky something attracted my attention. At first it looked like a bundle of brown paper which had been taken up by one of the little whirlwinds, so often seen sweeping over valleys in the Rockies, and taking columns of dust high in the air. It turned out to be, however, two eagles fighting. Sometimes their wings being outspread, they remained for a few seconds at the same altitude—plucking each other, then falling hundreds of feet they would catch the air again with their wings. Finally, they fell a long way into the scrub oak on the mountain side, forty or fifty yards from the road along which I was driving. Getting out, I hurried up and there they both lay—gasping, but separated. Had I chosen to risk a bad wound, either or both could have been captured, but while I was wondering what I should do they sailed off.

We now had several hours' hard work, going along half way up the mountain, and expecting to see goats at every turn. Nothing appeared, however, so we climbed down and, although it was late in the afternoon and we were tired, Dawson insisted on taking us to the end of the valley. As we approached the timber came to an end and its place was taken by willows growing by little glacial-fed streams. Grassy meadows were between these

streams and elk tracks were abundant. At the very end of the valley there was a small, round, and very deep lake, lying at the foot of about two hundred feet of ledges. Above was a great basin from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, the walls of which were several thousand feet high and absolutely vertical in places. A stream from the glaciers above dashed in a series of cascades to the bottom of the basin, over which it flowed to make its final plunge into the lake at our feet. The floor of the basin was perhaps a couple of hundred yards across, and by the stream, I saw a goat quietly feeding. Six more stood on a stony slope far up the cliffs on our left, and still further away on the right a herd of seven could be seen. I went around the lake towards the cliff, the ascent of which was easy as there were ledges upon which scrub grew. I was some time climbing this, and then I crept behind a dwarf willow and looked over. The goat was about fifty or sixty yards away and fell dead at my first shot; then, turning to the left, I saw the flock of six which we had noticed from below; they were scampering out of sight behind a spur. Opening up at the last of these, which was a billy, I missed him twice, although my bullets took dust off the cliff beside him. The third shot, however, bowled him over when he was within a few yards of being safe. He fell, head over heels, down the mountain and lodged among some big boulders on a slope not far from me.

As the remaining five of this bunch had disappeared, I turned my attention to the seven at the



other side of the basin. They were making their way leisurely up the cliff from a lick at which they had been. As they were perfectly white and the rocks behind looked very black, they presented excellent targets. The range was about three hundred yards and I fired a magazine before finding out where my bullets were striking. Then one drew a puff of dust from the rock beside the goat at which I was firing and a few shots later he tumbled over and lay still until my guide climbed up and dispatched him. As we were a long way from camp and night coming on, we were obliged to leave the skinning until the following day, but while Dawson climbed to bring down No. 3, I took the head off No. 1. It was rather disappointing for me to find that one horn was a little deformed, but I had been so fortunate that I did not mind much. Dawson said that the seven goats had been at a lick, which is a rock impregnated with salt or some alkaline matter. Sometimes a saline fluid oozing from the hillside, will attract the game from all over the neighbourhood.

How intense the satisfaction of bagging a keenly hunted beast! It was splendid, having had three shots in different directions from the same stand, and the shooting had been fairly good. C. told me that when the reports began to echo around the cliffs, he had seen several other goats appearing from nooks and corners far up the mountain, from his position at the lake below, he had a better view.

We were soon on the homeward trail and after



a smart walk of an hour and a half, we arrived in camp. The last mile was not pleasant, as there was little light. Had we missed the none-too-well defined trail in the darkness, we should probably have spent some hours stumbling over boulders and logs, or crushing our way through alders and willows. We found J. had brought his elk into camp, but he had not seen any other game during the day. The skull of the wapiti had been sawn in two antero posteriorly, which is the usual way. It enables the head to be packed easily. After a steady diet of bacon, venison cooked in various ways is a pleasant change, and not the least appetising part of our menu this night was a sort of Irish stew which I shall always remember. The cook said that he had seen some more goats where I had shot one the previous evening; they were probably the remainder of the herd. As we had all worked hard, we slept well and did not get off very early next morning. C. and J. went after wapiti while Dawson and another guide came with me to pick up my goats and skin them. Incidentally I hunted the upper part of the valley for elk, and, although I saw plenty of tracks the animals themselves could not be found. We also examined all the mountain sides with glasses from the camp to the little lake without seeing a white spot. Arriving at the lake the guides went up for the heads and skins while I rested below and inspected the sides of the great basin. Two goats could be made out with glasses, walking about on bare rocks around the glacier above, but where they were seemed wholly inacces-

sible, so I paid little attention to them. In an hour or so, away to the right, a little string of goats appeared. They came to a precipice and crossed the face of it with as much ease as we could have come downstairs. There were six or seven adults and several kids and it soon became evident that they were coming to the lick from which I had seen the seven go the evening before. I had a splendid chance of watching them, although they were far off.

Dawson was now coming away from that neighbourhood with the skin he had gone for and when he reached me I pointed the game out. One was a nice billy. Sometimes he looked like a polar bear walking leisurely about, but when he got to the edge of a cliff, and sitting down like a dog, surveyed the country, I must say, he did not look like any other beast I had ever seen. The high shoulders and low head gave the animal a strange appearance. We decided that instead of going up to the floor of the basin, I should climb the shoulder on the right and try and get a nearer shot; at the same time it might give me a chance of seeing the animals rather close and watching their movements. Dawson decided to remain down below and to direct my movements by signals. Going far around to the right, I followed a dry creek bed which led to a washout. The side of this had to be climbed and between the top and the main basin there was a sort of hump upon which were a few stunted pines. This—which was not at all difficult to ascend—ran up to the foot of a great precipice. By

taking a little trouble, I was able to go to the top of the hump without exposing myself to the view of anything in the basin. Looking over, I saw some ledges running out on the face of the cliff and on one of them about two hundred yards away, were the goats. One appeared to be a billy, but he was well behind a big boulder, of which there were a number on the slope. Where they were appeared to be grassy, as some soil had accumulated on the ledge and upon this grass and weeds had grown, giving it the appearance of a green slope. I watched one sitting on its haunches and looking over the basin and valley with great apparent interest. It gave me a good chance, but it was a female and I wanted the male which appeared to be licking the rocks, with its shoulder well hidden. Assuming that all the others were females, I watched this chap and when at last he walked out, I fired and dropped him. For a time, he lay still and then giving a move, he slid off and fell to the ledge below where a stone sticking up prevented his going further. It so happened that one of the others was a splendid ram, but I was watching the one I had hit so intently, that I failed to notice the other until it was too far off. While lying on the ridge, the wind appeared to blow hard from me to the goats, and yet they paid no attention whatever.

My guide, having seen the result of the shot, came up by the direct route, and together we climbed to where the animal lay. I did not enjoy going along the ledge; while it began on a level with



where I had lain, every foot that we got away from there increased the height that we were above the bottom of the basin by many feet. However, I was anxious to see what a lick was like, so went. When we reached the grassy place we found it very muddy and much tramped up by the feet of the visitors. They had evidently found something satisfying in the moisture oozing from the rock or welling up in the turf. We dropped to the lower ledge and found it covered with mud and tramped as the other had been. The goat gave another flounder as we approached and went over another little place, so I was obliged to shoot him again. Fortunately, he did not injure his horns, although his white coat was in an awful state, being covered with mud. All the rocks were worn smooth by centuries of travel, and very dangerous, as the nails in our boots did not seem to hold. We took a snap at our prize and Dawson removed his mud-covered skin; then, with great difficulty, I made my way to the hump and down to the bottom of the basin. The day was intensely hot, and climbing over exposed rocks was hard, warm work, so I found a nice deep pool in the little icy stream and enjoyed a refreshing plunge. None of my heads were as large as those killed by C. and J. This one had horns nine and a quarter inches long and had a very good coat. In the winter the hair on the legs is very long and it gives the animal a clumsier appearance.

We now descended to where the other trophies lay and with them started to camp. Once more I





WHERE THE GOATS WERE SHOT  
MY LAST GOAT



hunted the little meadows at the end of the valley and again beat the forest all the way to camp, but I saw no game. Squirrels and chipmunks were scarce in this valley and in four days I only saw one bird—the golden eagle. C. and J. were in camp when I arrived; the former having seen three elk, at one of which he got a difficult shot, but missed. As night came on, the weather began to look very unsettled, and after the intense heat of the previous two days we knew that a great change might take place, so we decided to end our trip. The next morning, we started for home. As the trail was down grade, instead of up, and as our pack train had already travelled it once, we made much better time than when going in, and by noon we were at the little lake by our former camp. On the way we saw some dusky grouse and by the lake a water ouzel (*C. Mexicanus*). At this season, these birds have a spotted look when one is close to them, owing to some of the feathers being skirted with white. They appear to be about the same size as the British bird, and nest in the same sorts of places. During the breeding season they are not shy. Once I saw a nest under the floor of a power house, close to great dynamos and turbines. On cool mountain tops far away, we saw some goats, and two running very fast along the face of a cliff attracted our attention. With glasses, we made out four sheep charging after them, two ewes and two lambs. The goats were only running to get out of the way of the others, as the ledge was narrow. These were the only sheep seen on the trip. While sheep and goats

live under the same conditions, they are seldom found together.

The question of where to camp for the night arose, as the weather was very threatening. Should we camp in this valley or attempt the Two Medicine pass that day? We did not want to be caught in the valley, so decided to push on, and darkness overtook us when we were about half way up. We went into camp by some water and a few little trees which provided us with fire, and after a very good night we started about daybreak for the divide. It was a race with the storm and we were over the summit and down to the beautiful lake country before the rain began. In fact, we were taking our lunch late in the day at our first camping place when the storm broke, and before we had gone very far, it was pouring. We were all thoroughly soaked when we arrived at Tom's house several hours after dark. Our trip had been a thoroughly enjoyable one. We had found our guides most efficient, there had not been any loafing, nor were there any unnecessary pack horses, as I have seen at other times. October finds the goats in full winter dress, and trophies taken then are perhaps more interesting, but when one considers the possible October weather, I think September the more enjoyable month for this country. Around Missoula the deer are sometimes very numerous, both white tail and mule, but where we were they are scarce. While my largest goat had horns about as long as those killed by the others, there was a difference of several inches in the length of the



faces. It seems that when about nine inches is reached, the horns do not grow much longer, but increase in thickness and the face becomes elongated, so that the head of a very old billy is a curious-looking object.

Climbing is exceedingly warm work, so it behooves the climber at this season, and in this country, to be lightly clad. The most important thing is to be provided with suitable foot gear, and tennis shoes with rubber soles are better for the cliffs than anything I know of. The rubber enables one to cling to every projection and the toes can be made use of. On this trip, we all wore heavy shoes with spikes screwed in; these are most serviceable for long, rough journeys, as rubber soles are cut to pieces in a short time, but for the amateur sportsman hunting goats or sheep for a few weeks, the light shoe, I believe, gives the greater satisfaction.

One purposing to pursue these animals would do well to spend a little time with his rifle at target practice, as difficult climbing can frequently be avoided by the sportsman's ability to bag his game at long range.



## GOAT SHOOTING ON CATALINA





## GOAT SHOOTING ON CATALINA

Goats were let loose by early Spanish settlers on many islands along the Pacific coast of America, but while the Spaniards have continued to climb the social scale, the goats have gone back to the wild state. I was overcome with a desire to secure the head of one of these animals and for that purpose visited California, spending a few days on Buena Yerba Island in San Francisco Bay. My host, the officer in command of that naval station, showed me the last goat there; he lived on a rocky eminence, and begrimed with the smoke of the city, presented a sad and lonely spectacle, eking out a miserable existence on the scanty vegetation, discarded ammunition and other junk of the navy yard. His sad expression showed that he was not altogether without sentiment, and that he lived a good deal in the past with its bright memories. The most accessible place for hunting I learned was the island of Catalina, off the port of San Pedro, and permission could be obtained for a day's shooting from Banning Brothers, who owned the place.

Catalina was discovered in 1542 by the Spanish navigator Cabrilla, who visited it with his caravel, the *San Salvador*, and who is supposed to have first landed goats upon the island in that year. We read of his death having occurred shortly after-

wards from some disease, so would be inclined to question his having introduced the animals, as it is unlikely that the survivor of a voyage in a caravel from Spain to California with a herd of goats would succumb shortly after to the ravages of any ordinary germs. However, the goats were not there before the Spaniards came, and I have no wish to rob Cabrilla of any of his glory.

The trip south was delightful, and I could not help noticing how proud of their country its inhabitants were. On the way I heard much of its wonders and of its possibilities, also a great deal about its remarkable history. Less than a century ago, Dana found a very thinly inhabited coast and now it is the playground of America. It is wonderful to think of the change wrought by a few short centuries. One can picture Cortes or some such person, clad in armour cap-a-pie and surrounded by his morioned horde, marching roughshod through the land; and then picture the happiness and prosperity of to-day, with a genial, kind-hearted Southern Pacific Railway official extending his helping hand to the struggling fruit grower and addressing him with words of love and encouragement.

Arriving at Los Angeles I found the office of the proprietors and soon had "a permit." I was told to kill as many as I pleased, as they wanted the island for sheep and wished to get rid of the goats. Crossing by the steamer from San Pedro to Avalon, I met a man who gave me a lot of useful information. He told me that I must secure a guide and horse, and that it was customary for the sportsman

to leave Avalon early in the morning, ride across the island to the field of operation, and return the same night. A poor head was often the only result of the trip, and sometimes the game was so wild that no sport was had at all. I was advised by him to ride across the island the night before, sleep there, start out at the first hint of dawn, and have a long day. By adopting the usual tactics, one arrived in the sporting country during the heat of the day, to find that the goats, having had their morning meal, had retired to rocky heights to await the cool of the evening. By doing as this man suggested, I would find the game down on their low pastures feeding, and by a little careful still hunting should get some good heads. A place called the Eagle's Nest was suggested to pass the night in; it was an unoccupied house in which there was a quantity of bedding, and he promised to procure the key for me when we landed.

Catalina is supposed to resemble Madeira, the latitude of which is about the same, but one leaves it with the impression that it is a rather barren spot, having its little village, Avalon, crowded with tourists who are anything but interesting, while Madeira, on the other hand, gives the impression of being pretty well clothed with vegetation and its charming town is filled with a picturesque peasantry. This island, however, is a place full of interest to the naturalist and sea-fishing sportsman. The former will find it a veritable treasure house. Catalina, which is about twenty miles long by several wide, is simply the top of a mountain range



protruding from the sea. Some of the peaks are two thousand feet high, and it is so cut up by chaparral and cactus-grown gulches that the traveller would have great trouble finding his way over some of it.

Arriving at Avalon I hunted up a Mexican guide called Joe and arranged with him to have horses at the hotel that evening for our trip across the island. Avalon is built at the mouth of a little canyon and around a small bay, the water of which looks deep and blue. High bare hills surround the town, but there are some trees in the canyon.

In the bottom of an average Avalon boat there is a space into which a plate of glass has been let, through which the tourist has a splendid chance of seeing the home life of the denizens of these semi-tropical waters. I do not know of anything more interesting than a cruise over the kelp beds in one of these boats. Every creature one sees is either trying to protect itself from something stronger, or to kill something weaker. Nature aids its protection, on the one hand, by schemes of form and colour, and on the other, by endowing it with the means of overcoming all such schemes. The heavier the gun, the stronger must be the armour, which only leads to the construction of a heavier gun—is the way the same thing is arranged by creatures higher in the scale of creation.

Returning to the pier I visited the curiosity shops and inspected the souvenirs arranged for visitors, the most beautiful of which, abalone or ear shells (*Haliotis*), are found in great numbers on this



coast. The calcareous outer coat is softened by the application of acid, after which it is ground off and the beautiful mother of pearl we see so much of in Japanese lacquer work is exposed to view and polished. Many of these shells found at Catalina are exquisite and present a wonderful play of colours, while those found further up the coast are either red and white or black and white, but without the greens and blues. The abalone fishery is chiefly in the hands of Japs, who not only use the shell, but salt and export the flesh to their Mongolian neighbours, who regard it as they do some other strange things, as a great delicacy.

After dinner I found Joe waiting with the horses, so mounting, we started. There was no moon, but it was bright starlight, and the ride up the dug-way to the high part of the island was delightful. The starry heavens were perfectly reflected by the placid Pacific on our right, and this produced a beautiful effect. The road, which had been constructed at great expense, was rather narrow; it began at the town of Avalon which was at sea level, and rose rapidly up the steep hillside. When we reached the top and looked down at the water it seemed an infinite abyss.

One horse was very fast and could scarcely be held in, while the other was very slow and could scarcely be forced along. I had the fast horse, which was delightful on the good road, but when we left the road and turned inland to cross the island, I found it very unpleasant dashing over an unknown trail. When near the sea, the starlight

was increased by the reflection, but this was all absorbed by the foliage when we turned inland. Sometimes my horse would stumble, and as I had to carry a rifle in one hand, it became very tiresome. Sometimes I would turn the horse into the scrub and stop until Joe came up, then it would dash away again in an exasperating manner, often stumbling. Eventually I came upon a lane where I managed to draw up until the Mexican arrived.

In time the ride to the Eagle's Nest came to an end and the guide, having the key, let us in and we spent a comfortable night. About four o'clock we turned out, and having dressed by a small tepid stream near by, felt ready for breakfast. The bag was opened and what a surprise awaited us! The thoughtful hotel people, who had no doubt been arranging goat hunter's lunches for years, had put up peach pie, apricot pie, soft-boiled eggs, ripe plums, and layer cake; they had rolled the different delicacies up first in silk paper and then in brown, putting the whole into a sack. This sack had been tied to the saddle of a horse which galloped with it for hours over a rough road. To allow the fruit stones and egg shells to settle down, it had been left to rest for six hours on a hot night—when the mixture was served for breakfast. For many years I had been a pupil of the original Sherlock Holmes, otherwise I could not have told so much about the component parts of this dish. Joe looked daggers, and swore, as only a Mexican can—he spoke lightly of the hotel people and their ancestors, prayed a good deal, and then said we must go back. I wres-

bled with him, and promised a bounty of one dollar per capita for all goats killed and picked up, so after a draught from the tepid stream, we started.

Our trail lay by the creek for some distance, then we turned from it and ascended to a small plateau. From this height we viewed the valley in which there was a lot of scrub, and some grass-grown open spaces. In the distance lay the ocean, looking very blue beneath the cloudless sky. With my glasses I scanned the country and marked down eight or ten goats half a mile away. Suddenly, while we were wondering from which direction they could be approached, a kid stuck its head up from behind a clump of cactus beside us and an instant later, with its mother, it bounded down the hill. Immediately several little flocks were seen breaking cover and hurrying towards some heavy scrub between us and the sea. I examined the heads with glasses and could see that some of them were very fine—then putting the sights of my rifle up, I fired at a white chap many hundred yards away. This performance lowered me so in the eyes of Joe that he showed it at once. He was scarcely civil, and hunger had so put my nerves on edge that, had he known it, his life was hardly safe.

We now mounted and started off to intercept our game, going to the hills which were on our left. This time I took the slow horse, as I had had enough of the other. The guide dashed off through heavy scrub, and I followed slowly, punching the horse with the butt of my rifle. In this way, we managed to cover about a mile when the guide halting for



me to come up, pointed out the goats crossing us about one hundred yards ahead. We could only see their backs at times as the scrub was very dense. He told me that a certain white one had the best head that I would see. As the horse was breathing hard, and as I was puffed and my right arm tired with punching, I could not hit anything from its back, so dismounting, I climbed to a large stone and every time I saw the white goat I fired until the guide said, "You have got him." Leaving the beast, which I was personally not at all sure of having hit, we hurried on to another place from which we could see them going in single file along a rocky ridge. The white chap was certainly missing and I devoted my attention to a big black one. They were probably one hundred and fifty yards away, and I was puffed with the exertion, so shot very badly and had almost exhausted my magazine before scoring a hit. The guide now went off after the wounded one while I rested, but on looking over the country with my glasses, saw a single animal which I proceeded to stalk. For some distance the way was through dense scrub, then I reached a spot from which an easy hundred-yard shot was obtained and succeeded in bagging the beast with the first bullet. Running up, I found that the head was destroyed, as one horn which had been injured at its base by the bullet, had broken off in the fall.

Joe now returned with the head of the black billy he had gone after. It was very fine and heavy, measuring twenty-five inches. How sad it is for





THE LARGEST GOAT



MEXICAN GUIDE



even a lower animal to allow itself to degenerate, and the ease with which it can do this points to the artificiality of civilisation. This wretched goat, withdrawn for a short century from the elevating influence of Spanish association, had dropped to the lowest depths. I fancy, however, that it takes a lot of early moral training to keep a goat in the narrow path. Even the pig of my native land might go all to pieces morally were the home influences it at present enjoys withdrawn. Joe regained his spirits considerably when I paid him the bonus on the three animals already killed, and suggested a drive. He told me that he would circle around some rough country, and that in about an hour goats would appear between where we were and the sea. He would place me in a blind on a certain spot and the chances were I should bag some good heads as the animals passed on one or the other side. After a little rest, we proceeded down towards the coast and out upon a rocky eminence which commanded a lot of country. Between me and the sea cliffs there was a stretch of brush half a mile wide; on my right a valley, and brush and rocks on my left. The guide would go around the hills beyond the valley and drive the goats towards where I was. I was painfully hungry at this time, but the beauty of the scene was enchanting, and the day was not yet too warm. The sea was sparkling in the sunlight far below and had there been a palm or two about the scene would have been tropical—the other vegetation and abundant sunshine suggested it. After a long wait a string of goats

appeared coming over the hills beyond the valley which I commanded. They were coming straight towards me and with the glasses I noticed that some of them had splendid heads.

Immediately in front of me there was a drop of sixty or seventy feet, up which there were no trails. At the base of this little precipice, there was a flat place about one hundred yards across. Just beyond this I thought the goats would probably turn into the brush to one or the other side, but before they entered cover I expected to have some shooting. Presently the approaching herd disappeared behind a rise in the country and I awaited their reappearance within shot.

The first to come was a kid, then its mother, followed by several uninteresting goats, and then a big chap. Had I waited a second, the fact that this fellow had only one horn would have dawned upon me, but I fired, killing him, and the rest instantly disappeared in the cover to the left; they were going to pass where the scrub was so dense between me and the sea cliffs. Moving from my position further out on the eminence, I discovered that there would be no possibility of seeing anything pass in the brush, but that after they had gone a considerable way, an open place must be crossed and there would be another chance. In a few minutes, they emerged on this open, a very large white one in the lead, which I killed with the first shot. The others had all crossed before I could make up my mind which to try next. Running back along the eminence I saw another open spot upon which



a black chap ran out, and although it was a long and difficult shot, I managed to drop him.

Thus ended my first and last goat drive. I had two more fine heads, but it would take a little work to pick them up. The guide appeared very soon and when I pointed out where the black chap was, he certainly did not believe I had killed him. However, he went off and in time returned with the black head, measuring also twenty-five inches, and the white one twenty-eight, the latter he said being exceptionally long. I tried to get Joe to retrieve the one-horned fellow, but the dollar bonus was no inducement. With his wages he had now made eight dollars, and he had to spend that before making any more.

By this time it had become very hot and all chance of seeing anything further in the neighbourhood had gone, so we mounted and rode towards the Eagle's Nest again, as that was our nearest route home. On the way we picked up the first goat shot, and Joe rose in my estimation when I saw him leave the trail and go straight to the place where it lay, without anything apparently to guide him. This, the first head, was the best; it measured twenty-eight and one-half inches, the animal being white and brown. Passing the Eagle's Nest, we saw why it had been so called, as there was an eagle's nest in a big tree near by. The only birds I noticed were quail. They did not rise at all well, but fluttered and ran amongst the scrub. After passing the nest we followed the road, presently reaching a ranch. The owner was not at home

but we visited his garden, finding a tremendous fig and two pear trees covered with fruit. The figs were impossible, but we breakfasted and lunched off unripe pears, and pushing on reached Avalon at eight P. M., absolutely exhausted.

In a hot country it is always well to be independent of water by the way, and to take a canteen. The little shallow streams we found were positively warm and some tea or coffee would have been a luxury.

Next morning I crossed to San Pedro, having my heads in a sack. It was necessary to bring them to a taxidermist in Los Angeles at once, as the Mexican would not be bothered skinning them. I tried to check the bundle by the train, but was staggered to find out that they would not take it at all unless crated. As there was no way of having this done in time, I shouldered my sack and going around to the other side of the train, entered a coach and put my heads under a seat, then leaving the car, I stood on the platform and awaited events. We started in a few minutes, and the passengers got up in ones and twos and left the car. The conductor then coming along opened the windows but never noticed my precious heads, so they arrived at Los Angeles with me, but a little too late to save some of the scalps which should have been attended to the day before.

## SHOOTING IN WYOMING





## SHOOTING IN WYOMING

There is no more beautiful trophy than the head of the American elk or wapiti, therefore when one day C. spoke to me about making an expedition after them, I was more than pleased with the proposal. We decided that Wyoming afforded the most attractive field for a little trip, and that our best chance of securing pronghorn or antelope heads was also in that State. The license permitted the killing of two wapiti and three antelope; it also allowed one mountain sheep and two deer, but we did not expect to come across these. Enquiring as to which route into the game country would be the best, we found that by St. Anthony, Idaho, into Jackson's Hole, and by Opal and along Green River were the usual ways, and that our best chance of getting antelopes was by the Opal route as we travelled through their country from Big Pony to the mountains.

We obtained the address of a guide, Teton Jackson, who lived at Fort Washaki on the north side of the Wind River Mountains, and arranged that he should meet us at Opal, on the Oregon Short Line Railway at one P.M. on October 6. Jackson was to bring with him another guide, one Arthur Fayler, and a cook. He was to have a four-horse wagon, and saddle horses for all hands,

and a sufficient number of pack animals. We were to pay the guides five dollars a day each, the cook, three; one dollar per day for each saddle horse, and half a dollar for the pack animals; we were also to feed all hands.

When the time approached, we forwarded to Opal sufficient provisions and, with a mutual friend, W., who had joined us for the trip, we followed. Our train was on time and we arrived at Opal by noon. When we alighted our guide was there with the wagon and horses. He immediately loaded up with our tents and provisions, at which operation we helped. Jackson then remarked that his pay was to begin from the time he took charge of our things and to this we assented. We learned from him that the other guide and cook would be picked up later, and that owing to the rain the night before we should be unable to start before the following day, as the road was too heavy. We were very much disgusted with this information, and also with the worn-out lot of ponies he had provided. We tried persuasion, but the old man was unyielding; of course he was paid just as much for sitting in the hotel as for working. As we appeared to be wholly at his mercy, we were obliged to accept the situation. The town of Opal is uninteresting, consisting of a saloon, a couple of hotels, a store, and a post office, so after dinner we adjourned to the suburbs and practiced with our rifles at old tomato cans, with which the suburbs of all western towns abound. Later in the day we hunted up a visiting magistrate and for forty dol-

lars each procured from him licenses permitting us to shoot in Wyoming, provided we were accompanied by licensed guides.

Our start had been arranged to take place at daybreak, so we were called early for breakfast on October 7 and then waited for our man; he came not. In an hour we went to look him up and found him breakfasting at the other hotel, when he informed us that the roads were still too slippery and that we must put off our departure for another day. We then assured him in very forcible language that we would either leave by the afternoon train or start for the mountains. Fearing we might keep our threat, he turned up about noon and mounting our foot-sore and weary ponies, we started north. The country around Opal is rolling and sagebrush-grown as far as La Barge. Even the sagebrush has been greatly destroyed by the sheep. These animals graze there in herds of about three thousand, and after they have passed over a section of country there is little left, as their feet finish what their teeth miss. At La Barge the cattle men have established a dead-line, and woe betide the herder or the herd found north of it.

Jackson told us there would be no game of any kind until after we passed Piney, seventy-five miles away, so we rode along ahead of the outfit for five or six miles, over a road that was neither very slippery nor very heavy. C. used a 30-30 Savage rifle, and I had a 30-40 Winchester. We had procured some light ammunition for these,



so that grouse might be shot by the way without frightening the neighbourhood, the bullets and powder charges being small. As the trail became monotonous we hunted up some of this ammunition and then turning off the road, proceeded to explore the surrounding country. After a time a rabbit was started and followed by C., while I ascended some low hills to the east to see what was beyond. Fresh tracks on the recently wet ground appeared, and examining them, I decided that they were those of antelope, as there could not be any other animals of that size about; so following these a couple of miles I came across a herd of seven on a little elevation. What luck! There they were—and there I was without effective ammunition, all because of the assurance that nothing had been seen for years within seventy miles of this neighbourhood. With my glasses, I saw that there were two nice bucks—I watched them trotting about for some minutes before they got wind of me and dashed off. Circling back to the road, about dusk I reached the wagon just as it was nearing a solitary log cabin where we intended spending the night. C. had lost the rabbit and no other game had been seen. Great was the surprise of all when they heard of the antelope.

By the time the horses were unhitched and supper cooked it was dark and cold, so we decided to sleep on the kitchen floor and not waste time putting up tents. There is a telephone all the way to Piney and every cabin has an instrument. As a result of this, the movements of all strangers and





THE THREE ANTELOPE  
A SCENE ON GREEN RIVER



impressions formed of them are noted, and they are expected and looked for at the different points.

October 8 was a beautiful day and while Jackson hitched up, we three pursued and slaughtered a jack rabbit, so finding that we were really having some sport, we started in good spirits. We scattered ourselves over the country, keeping the wagon in sight, but until our arrival at Fontanelle at midday, no bird or beast had been seen.

We enjoyed a good dinner at the halfway house and met the pleasant stage driver there. He had been shot the summer before and the fellow who shot him had been given two years, more on account of having used an obsolete type of weapon than for having hit his man.

The country was more broken after leaving Fontanelle and when we reached the high ground above La Barge in the evening, we had our first glimpse of the Wind River Mountains to the north, and also of the bad lands lying to the east of Green River. Directly we began to descend to the creek we noticed an improvement in the vegetation, which told us we were in the cattle country. The La Barge creek flowed from timber-clad mountains to the west of where we were into Green River a few miles east of us. Jackson had wintered in the mountains near its source a few seasons before and had killed a number of fine bull elk there, one of which, a nice fourteen pointer, he afterwards gave to me. He had also killed two buffalo in recent years on the bad lands. When we reached the willows by the creek we had a total of three



cottontail rabbits, one of which had fallen to our united fusillade. Smith's ranch, where we passed the night, was the best group of log buildings I had ever seen; it gave me pleasure to look at such a prosperous place.

On the morning of October 9 we were up early and looking for sage hens in a lucern field belonging to Smith. One small flock was put up by C. who secured an old cock out of it with his rifle. The sage hen (*C. urophasianus*) is the largest American grouse. The young birds are delicious before they begin to feed upon the sage, but the old cocks are not good. We expected to be in Piney by night, so again scattered over the country in the hope of seeing something. Almost at once, after leaving the ranch, a coyote was marked; he sat watching us and was about two hundred and fifty yards away. We all fired at him and he was almost hit. Until we reached a halfway house for lunch, there was no further excitement and we did not see anything until we passed the first of the Piney creeks. There I managed to bag a prairie chicken (*P. P. columbianis*) and with this marched proudly into the settlement. Big Piney has one house, one store, and a post office. There is a schoolhouse near, and a few ranches scattered about. The country is flat, fertile, and well watered by these Piney creeks. We put up at Budds' house and heard stories of hunting from the cowboys who were congregated there. While we sat in front of the post office, two cowboys approached at a gallop; they halted, throwing their bridles and





A BUNCH OF ELK  
SKINNING AN ELK



pistols on the ground, then setting to with their fists, they fought until one was down. The wounded warrior was carried into the post office, his wounds washed, then mounting, he rode away without any further disturbance. A man told me of a friend of his who had killed sixteen antelope a short time before. He had found them crossing Green River and had evidently shown no mercy. As he was a resident of the State, he had only paid one dollar for his license, and no one appeared to mind what he did. Should an unfortunate sportsman, however, with a forty-dollar license, have exceeded the limit, he would very soon have been arrested.

We spent a comfortable night in an outhouse, and after breakfast on the 10th, got under way. Our course lay north and parallel with Green River and we expected to reach the foot of the Wind River Mountains by night. I rode ahead of the wagon and C. and W. brought up the rear. In a short time the last barbed wire fence of civilisation had been passed and we were out on the rolling sagebrush country. A few miles had been covered when the first pronghorn appeared, standing within two hundred yards of the trail and looking at us. He had only spikes, however, so his head was of no value. Five minutes later, nine walked out on a butte some distance away and looked at us, but their curiosity was soon satisfied and they went off. C. and myself followed this bunch for several miles; and we each had a long shot, but missed; they were too wild and the

country too open. After crossing Cottonwood Creek, we entered a valley called the Soap-hole Basin; to the left there was some rough ground which looked hopeful, as it afforded some shelter for the still hunter. First I climbed a height, and sitting down with my glasses looked around. The wagon road crossed the valley a little east of north. I saw our outfit going slowly along, W. riding behind, but C. had circled out to the east of the road and was, no doubt, trying to get a shot at quite a large band which I could see rushing to and fro across the country. On my side I marked two small lots, one close to the rough ground and the other two miles away on the sagebrush flat. I left my horse, and after a detour which gave me the wind, started a long creep towards the game, getting at last within about a quarter of a mile of a splendid buck, which appeared to act as sentinel, as he was standing on a high place. With the glasses, his fine head could be made out, but looking along the rifle the front sight completely hid him. As there was not the slightest chance of getting nearer, I took my shot and he bounded off, followed by his herd, which had been out of sight in a depression near by. I noticed C.'s horse standing by itself, so knew that he was stalking, and presently picked him out and watched him having a long shot without result.

Following the rough ground further west, I did some more unsuccessful stalking, and then returning to the road, followed the wagon which had by this time disappeared. An hour later I noticed



C. following something a mile away to the west, so turning out of the road I followed him. Finding later that he was engaged in approaching a little flock, I turned north and presently noticed a single antelope standing on a butte. He was about a mile away and could be distinctly seen against the sky line. He appeared to be watching me and the idea of going after him seemed absurd, however, I made a long detour and succeeded in getting a part of the butte between the animal and myself, then dismounting I hurried in towards its base, and ascending to the edge of the little plateau crept several hundred yards along it and then raised my head. I saw the antelope standing and looking straight towards me. Putting up the rifle cautiously, I fired at the white delta on his chest. He stood for a second and then fell over sideways dead. It was one hundred and thirty-five paces from where I fired to the dead beast, and this was the best shot I had at one of these animals on the trip. The horns were eleven and three-quarters inches; not large, but very pretty and my first Wyoming trophy.

I had put my rifle down a short distance away and was engaged in removing the scalp and head when I noticed, galloping off, the herd to which my buck belonged. They had not minded the report, and had even watched my coming up with curiosity. Had the rifle been in my hand when I first saw them, I might have dropped another buck, but by the time I got it they were several hundred yards off. Of course it is one thing ly-

ing down and taking a careful shot at a standing antelope, and quite another, shooting at him running as fast as he can.

C. heard my shot and was now coming towards me, having on his horse an antelope with a much finer head than mine. By the time he reached the butte I had finished scalping, and with the head and hind quarters was making my way back as I had come. These buttes, which one sees in the west, especially in Colorado and Utah, are elevations with flat tops and more or less precipitous weather-worn sides.

We now went back to the road and a couple of hours later saw the wagon, which C. followed, but I marked some more game and tried another stalk. Failing in this, and again finding the road and fording Green River, I arrived at the post office of Burns, where I ordered refreshment for man and beast. Burns, which looks like a substantial town on the map, has only one log cabin which has two rooms. One of them is the kitchen and dining-room, and there, I tried to dine off cold boiled salt elk, bread without butter, and coffee without milk. I was hungry, but not hungry enough to eat the salt elk; however, the bread and coffee were very acceptable. Lying around the house were lots of antelope horns, the largest of which I picked up and took with me. Unfortunately it was only a single horn, but it was a tremendous one and the pair would have been worth having. It was late before I overtook the wagon near New Fork, north of Cora. We went into camp

among some willows close under the Wind River Mountains and near the cabin which was the headquarters of the Johnston-Strong outfit.

A man met me on the road, and looking at the head suspended from my saddle, remarked that I had killed a very pretty specimen. He added that he was staying at the cabin and that if I would let him have the head he would sketch it for me and I could get it again when we had had supper. Accordingly, I gave him the head. We had with us a large tent in which the guides and cook slept in supreme comfort, as it had a stove; and pretty little six-by-six tents in which we ourselves froze. These were soon up around a pleasant camp fire, and the cook who met us at this place had supper ready in a short time. Antelope cutlets were fried, but I had seen too much of the animals that day to enjoy them, so confined my attention to other food. After dinner we visited the cabin and enjoyed the hospitality of Messrs. Johnston and Strong. I found that Mr. Demming, who had taken my head, was a well-known artist and that he had painted a delightful little picture for me in oils; this I received some time after when it had dried. A Mr. White who had just been hunting sheep supplied us with some of the meat, which was excellent. He had killed a fine ram and was pleased with his trip.

The next morning, October 11, we struck camp after an early breakfast and went west towards the Gros Ventre Mountains, where we expected to see our elk. C. and myself each determined



to bag another antelope, but W., who was under the weather, decided that there was a better time coming and that it was too hard work just then. We had gone about two miles when we took a short cut with our horses over some low hills. Jackson was now with us and the cook was driving the wagon. Just as we were crossing a flat place where the sage was large, hundreds of sage hens got up all around. I had seen big packs in winter, but never a lot like this. Some could be seen running off in different directions, but we only had heavy ammunition, so there was no use blowing them to pieces with it. During the day we passed the cabin of a guide. He was a Scandinavian, and had a number of very fine elk heads lying around his house, two of which we afterwards bought and took out on W.'s license—only two heads can be taken out of the State on each forty-dollar license.

We camped for lunch at midday and during the afternoon Jackson was obliged to be with the wagon as the cook did not know the way. C. and myself scoured the country for antelope and I succeeded in finding a bunch. A little snow was falling at the time and this helped me greatly in stalking, but I missed my shot at about two hundred yards. I found a tremendous bleached elk horn lying in the sage, and by hunting around for half an hour, found its mate—these I carried to the wagon and brought away with me. Of course they were shed horns and had been exposed for several years. We also found numbers of buffalo horns





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**JENNIE'S LAKE**



scattered about and much spoiled by the weather—sometimes they were on skulls and sometimes lying detached.

In the evening we arrived at a cabin on Beaver Creek, just outside of the rim of the Fall River basin. We were now away from the sagebrush and right into the black timber. This place was called Miners' Cabin, and here we were met by Arthur Fayler, our other guide. In the empty cabin I saw one of the most beautiful antelope heads possible; the horns were very long and symmetrical, and the tip of each was white for about an inch. I have always regretted not having taken this head with me. The sky looked very black as night came on and a storm was threatening. We chose pretty sites for our tents among the pines and built a large fire. When the wind rose, gusts sweeping from different directions made it very unpleasant for us, as the smoke and flame went in one direction one minute and in the very opposite the next. Some sage hens which W. had shot with a pistol were fried for supper, but there was no demand for antelope; no one would touch it, although we were very badly off for fresh meat. The mountain sheep meat which had been given us at Strong's place was very good, but breakfast and lunch had finished it. It got very cold shortly after dark, so we made beds of boughs in our tents, and as the fire had become a nuisance we let it go down, and turned in. A gale of wind can produce extraordinary noises in a natural forest. Artificial woods have the dead timber cut out, and par-

tially fallen trees taken down, but in a natural forest, there are many trees dead and ready to fall when a heavy gale blows, and there are many partially fallen trees leaning and rubbing against others; so these in a storm become regular music boxes with their creaking and groaning. Where we were camped the heavy timber had been felled for building and the dead trees for fire, so we were reasonably safe with well-rooted young trees around, but there was too much noise for much sleep, and I, for one, passed a very restless night.

The next day the gale was still raging when we were at breakfast. Jackson had sat up late and cleaned the antelope scalps and heads, salting the former and turning them inside out to dry. The pronghorn (*Antilocapra americana*) is the only antelope which sheds its horn sheath every year. It is often difficult to convince a Wyoming rancher of this, as there is always a good-sized new horn underneath when the old sheath falls off, so he never sees a buck without a horn of some kind. Beaver Creek flowed past our camp, the timber-covered country rising very abruptly on each side of it—that on the south being the lip of the Fall River basin.

I decided to hunt the ridge on the north side of the creek, and as Fayler was compelled to visit his own cabin this day, C. and myself drew lots for Jackson. C. won and they went south, and I climbed the ridge, W. coming part of the way with me. All morning the gale raged and the noise was terrific, but in the afternoon it quieted down. As-





A MEAT HUNTER'S CAMP



ascending the hill over fallen timber was very hard work; trees were piled upon each other in a dreadful tangle. One blue grouse (*C. obscura*) was the extent of the game we saw going up. It rose beside me and settled on a branch a few feet above my head. I dared not shoot, however, as I was in deer country. Going along the ridge, quite a number of blue grouse were flushed, but they were not interfered with. Signs of recent elk visits were now numerous and presently we found the heads and feet of some recently killed cows—killed, no doubt, by ranchers for their winter's meat. The end of the gale seemed to come about noon, when for a little it was simply awful and then died down. As I stood listening to the creaking of the timber, I heard close by the shrill bugle of a wapiti bull. It sounded like the high note of a discordant tin flute. Presently I heard it again, this time accompanied by a snort, but although it must have been quite close I could see nothing of it. Having actually heard one, made me very keen, and I determined to descend to Beaver Creek, cross it and climb over into the Fall River basin. My descent was through timber which had been burned, and the gale of the previous night had wrought great havoc.

By the creek I ate my lunch and, determining to kill a wapiti before night, climbed into the basin. It was delightful to find myself upon a bare place on the summit with an unobstructed view in nearly every direction. The basin appeared to be about twelve or fifteen miles across each way and it was surrounded by forest-clad mountains with bare

peaks. Ridges covered with heavy timber ran down into the valley, where there were numerous small hills, also timber grown. I climbed down to some water which was almost directly below me and found it was a beaver dam, but I saw no evidence of recent occupation. A regular little lake had been formed in which stood many dead trees. All around this dam the place was tramped up by elk; there must have been a big herd there a short time before. In a marshy place near by I found a great number of buffalo skulls; whether they had died there of disease or been slaughtered by the hide hunter, I could not tell. As the elk tracks were so numerous, in my keenness I forgot how far I had wandered from camp and had some difficulty in getting over to Beaver Creek before dark and a great deal of difficulty pushing my way along the creek to camp afterwards. C. had not arrived, but we were not uneasy about him as he was a most experienced sportsman, and Jackson was with him.

The calm after the storm made camp delightful and at night our fire was worth looking at. We kept it bright for the sake of the wanderers, who turned up very late, having been delayed by the difficulty in finding a way for their horses. At supper we heard how they had missed a difficult shot at a fine bull and how they too had found evidences of the neighbourhood having been recently hunted. We decided to start early in the morning and to cross over to the other side of the basin—passing Fayler's so that we could pick him up. We retired early and there was no trouble about



sleep—the labours of the day settled that question.

Several times in my life I have returned to camp to find a very cheerful cook, but this time we found one not only cheerful but affectionate. The moment we left in the morning he had overhauled our effects, and as nothing had been kept under lock and key, he availed himself of what he found in the shape of liquid refreshment with marked results. W., however, turning up earlier than he expected, prevented him reaching the incapable stage. After this, temptation was always removed, and his services were much more satisfactory if not so cheerfully rendered.

After breakfast the following morning the wagon with the cook and guide, who alone knew the road, departed, W. going with them. C. and myself decided to take a more direct route straight over the divide and across the basin to Fayler's cabin. Jackson had shown C. the way the day before, and I trusted to him. We ascended the rim and from there had the usual fine view. I did not attend very closely to C. when he was explaining the way, but did note that he said Fayler's cabin was south of us about twelve or fifteen miles and at the foot of a hill having a triangle of block timber on its north side. We descended to a densely wooded ridge, and separating thirty or forty yards, proceeded on tiptoe with rifles ready. The timber was so heavy that several times we had to whistle to each other to prevent getting too far. Our horses were with us, but as we expected to see game any minute, of course they were led. In an hour or more, finding

very fresh tracks, I followed them some distance and then suddenly remembering C., whistled and whistled without receiving any answer. I soon realised that we had wandered far apart, so gave up hope of finding him and kept a southerly direction, continuing my hunt, always keeping to timber when there was any near my route.

About noon, I lunched by a brook and then entered a patch of trees, by this time getting a little careless. Presently I saw the very grey shoulder of a large animal forty or fifty yards away. The head was hidden behind foliage, so whether it had horns or not I was unable to decide. A minute later, a splendid bull with a heavy head dashed through the wood beyond, giving me no chance of a shot, and the beast near me followed, but it was a hind. Had I been proceeding with my early morning caution, the bull would certainly have been mine.

I now began to wonder where Fayler's cabin was, so climbed the nearest hill with a bare top, only to find other hills everywhere with triangular patches of black timber on the north side of each. To be absolutely lost is a very unpleasant experience; it means spending a night or two out, and the cold at night here was very intense. After a few hours' search in every direction, at last I saw the cabin and made for it. Once a fine timber wolf crossed my path, but being on my horse at the time, a shot was impossible. Arriving at the cabin just as the wagon did and with it C., we picked up Fayler and proceeded at once, as it was growing late.

Our course led across the Fall River and we camped near some dead timber as far up the mountain as the wagon would go. No game had been seen by any one during the day except by myself. We passed a large beaver dam near the river. There were lots of freshly cut sticks about, so it was evidently occupied. At night we had a great fire, as dead trees lay every place and it was very cold. Sitting around after supper, C. told us of lion hunting experiences in Africa which were very exciting.

On the morning of the 14th, C. went south with Fayler while Jackson and myself went off to the west. In a couple of hours we were absolutely stalled in a labyrinth of fallen timber, out of which we had great difficulty in getting the horses. To stand at one side of a fallen log with one's horse six feet above, and to tug at him until he leaps down is troublesome, but to get the horse up the other way is exasperating. At last we arrived at the hunting grounds and leaving the animals there, proceeded on foot. We beat up and down the mountain side across the wind for hours without seeing any sign of elk. We found however the only fresh bear tracks seen on the trip. At noon we lunched by a little stream, on the hillside above which there were game trails cut deeply into the soil, by the feet of passing thousands.

After a rest we resumed our up-and-down beating through splendid timber, but we saw neither deer nor fresh tracks. Going through a gloomy forest on tiptoe with one's finger on a trigger was very exhausting; it also made one irritable. The



only animals we saw were chipmunks (*Tamias striatos*); it was most amusing to watch the beautiful squirrel-like little things coming up and inspecting us. We arrived in camp, having had a most exhausting and fruitless day. W. had spent the time around camp, and C. did not return until late. He had seen a number of spike bulls and hinds, but nothing with decent horns. As none of us had killed anything, we were obliged to dine off the usual fried bacon. We had other food, but three men with licenses to shoot do not generally bring fresh meat with them into the best game country in America. We growled a good deal that night and decided that fresh meat must be procured the next day. Fayler arranged to take C. to a new place, while Jackson was to go with me up a valley parallel with where C. had been this day and W. would scour the neighbourhood of the camp for grouse. Long before dawn we were up; the night had been bitterly cold and all water was frozen hard. My six-by-six tent was like an ice box and I envied the men in the big tent with the stove. Just beside our tents we had a camp fire composed of whole trees. As the hillside was covered with down timber, there was not the least difficulty in getting wood, so four or five trees were piled upon each other and a fire kindled against them. In a few minutes they were burning, but as we were on the weather side, the bitter wind almost froze us, in spite of our large bonfire.

After breakfast we started, and in a couple of



hours tied the horses up and proceeded on foot up and down across the wind. Things looked much more encouraging from the first. We found fresh tracks in a great many places, and all old game trails bore evidence of recent travel. We went miles and miles up valley after valley, but until lunch time did not see a bird or beast. Jackson was very cross and I was inclined to be snappy—we snarled at one another a good deal, and I wished we had chosen the Teton country, and told the guide so. After lunch, we circled over a divide towards where C. had been the day before, and late in the afternoon, in a very dark glade and within one hundred yards, we saw an elk. A moment later it was dead and it was a hind. As a matter of fact, when I fired we could not have told what it was, but after firing we were sure it was a fine bull because we saw what appeared to be huge antlers, but what really was a dead branch. There was little regret, however, as we needed venison, and I had only one more day to hunt, besides the license allowed bulls or hinds and this was my first wapiti.

We dressed the deer, marked the place, and taking a supply of meat with us, made our way to the horses and back to camp, getting there long after dark to find the others had not secured hoof or feather in our absence. Fried elk kidney was much better than fired bacon and there was a more cheerful tone about the camp than had been evident the night before. Frost and a bitter, penetrating wind were experienced again this night but exhaustion

overcame all discomforts and it was with difficulty that Jackson aroused me for breakfast on a very dark and desperately cold morning.

The weather had been unusually fine for the season, and there had been no snow to drive the game down to the foothills, so, long before the others were up we were off to the main range fifteen or twenty miles away. About dawn we were nearing a lick towards which many trails converged and hope was high in our breasts as we approached it. Some distance away we tied the horses and advanced on foot with great caution. Arriving at the lick we found it a blank, but there were lots of fresh tracks and many of them were those of big bulls. Jackson returned for the horses and I waited. When he came, we crossed a tributary of the Fall River and found ourselves at the foot of the range proper. Ascending a rather steep place, we reached a small plateau covered with heavy timber, but clear of windfalls. Hitherto our hunting had been over densely timbered foothills between the Fall River and this tributary; now we were on the ragged side of the main range and the timber line was but a thousand feet above us. The mountain was very steep in places and trees only occurred on sheltered plateaux or in gulches, bare shoulders rising between these patches.

We traversed the plateau, and finding fresh tracks followed them out on a bare shoulder. Here elk had evidently just been. The tracks led us up to the head of a wooded ravine, where we left our horses, proceeding into the timber on foot. In a



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WYOMING WINTER SCENE  
ELK IN WINTER





few minute a shrill whistle told us of the presence of our quarry. We moved cautiously down to the dry creek bed and there found a small washout, upon which stood a four-point bull. The guide motioned me to keep quiet and whispered that we should get a six-pointer in a few minutes. Presently the four-point temptation removed itself and we proceeded cautiously along the edge of the washout. Again we saw a four-pointer; it was very close, but we had the wind, and our presence was unsuspected. Jackson was relieved when it also moved away, as he knew that a man who would shoot a hind might do anything.

A few yards further, as we reached a place where a lot of the mountain side had been washed away by a cloud burst, there was a sudden drop of fifty feet at the foot of which was an open space of earth and fallen trees surrounded by heavy timber. Just then another whistle caused us to crouch down and watch. The timber around the open place now seemed alive with deer. They came out to the open—a dozen or twenty, all hinds and spikes. It seemed that the appearance of a big bull was inevitable, but luck was not with me, for a puff of wind down the gulch revealed our presence and the game instantly disappeared. Following a little way, we saw by the tracks that the elk were jumping, so gave up the chase.

We now quartered another ridge free from trees and entering another ravine ascended to the rocks above the timber line. Here we saw some sheep tracks, but not very fresh, and keeping along by the

rocks for half a mile we descended a ridge until we reached some heavy pines on the steep side of a gluch. Entering this I saw, certainly not more than fifty yards away, a pair of magnificent antlers rising apparently from the ground. The head was almost completely hidden by a big stump—the wapiti was looking at the guide, who was a few yards away on my left. I was perfectly sure of the deer and waited for him to stand up, this, however, he did not do, but pushed himself off down the hill without giving me a shot at all. Only a sportsman can understand the effect of this sort of luck upon one's temper. The deer had been lying down behind a big tree at the edge of a steep place; the moment he slid over that edge he was out of sight. It was too provoking.

As we were a long way from camp, we returned to the horses and led them down to the plateau below. Crossing this we reached the bare steep place leading down to the little creek. The creek was fringed with timber and running through this we saw a splendid bull, but before a shot was possible he had entered a clump of pines. I ran along the plateau to catch him coming out at the other side, but he did not come. Examining the timber closely, we made out the grey shoulder of an elk standing among the trees. Feeling sure that it was the big stag I had seen, I fired, and he fell. We climbed down and our disappointment was great to find that a spike bull was my reward. We had had a lot of excitement, so removing the head and scalp, we cut up the deer and lashing its quar-

ters to our horses we made our way to the lick and then took the game trail for camp. My desire for fine wapiti heads had been inspired by the pictures in Baillie-Grohman's book on "Sport and Life in the West," and it certainly was a comedown to return with my record. I had never read an account of any one killing a spike or a hind, so felt rather disgusted.

It was getting dark when five blue grouse rose beside us and settled upon a tree twenty yards away, four side by side on one branch and one above. I dismounted, and going underneath shot them all with my rifle, one after the other. The only grouse I have seen in the west which could not be easily shot with a catapult is the willow grouse, and with a twenty-two pistol the larder can be kept supplied in most places.

C. had returned to camp before me, not having seen anything better than a spike all day. We had a splendid supper; the grouse were delicious. I had shot them well forward, otherwise they would have been blown to atoms. As any one with a slight Indian experience knows, birds cooked shortly after being killed are tender, and this is worth remembering in all hot countries. After dinner, we sat by the fire and discussed the situation. I was very much disappointed with the elk shooting, not so much with killing the hind as with shooting the spike. C. decided to take a couple of pack horses the next morning, and with Fayler, visit the lick and the country where we had been; while Jackson, the cook, W., and my-



self decided to cross the basin and get out to the antelope country again, as I had no further interest in wapiti, but was determined to bag two more pronghorns.

We broke camp on the morning of the 17th and proceeded down to the Fall River. Before going very far a band of antelope appeared running about on some low hills free from timber. W. and myself started in pursuit, but they were wilder than those of the plains, and we were never within eight hundred yards of them. They seemed to be on the lookout and very restless. Crossing the river at a ford much higher up than when coming in, we took a short cut, leaving the wagon with the guide and cook to go around. This enabled us to beat a lot of country and still keep ahead of the wagon. We passed Fayler's cottage during the day, having at noon lunched near it, then we explored the country between the road and the hills to the east, but no more game was seen until well on in the afternoon, when we were riding side by side along the road between two hills. The one on our left was perfectly free from trees and scrub of any kind on the slope next to us, but on the top of it we could see a fringe of aspens, and we knew that there was a dense growth of them on the other side. I saw standing beside this fringe, five pronghorns; they were about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards away and looking at us. To get nearer was impossible, so I dismounted, lay down on the ground, and fired at the buck, bringing him down. The others, of course, disappeared, and W. and



myself ascended the hill. When we were close to the buck, he suddenly rose and rushed into the aspens; reaching the spot where he had entered, I made him out standing some distance away, so knelt down and emptied my magazine at him without scoring a hit. Of course the little trees had deflected the bullets.

We now crushed into the brush, but in a few minutes the animal had vanished and we were unable to find him. As he had a pretty head, I was loth to leave him, but we had to go on. Crossing the divide, we left the basin and went down to a ranch, as it was getting dark. We camped for the night at a small creek beside this ranch. Next morning we were ready for a long day's antelope hunting. We intended reaching Cottonwood Creek by night, but our way was through fine game country. Shortly after starting I marked a band on a perfectly flat plain surrounded by an amphitheatre of low hills. There was no cover but sagebrush and I determined to stalk these beasts and get one should it take me all day. A patch of scrub oak permitted me to approach within half a mile and then the creep began. Even the non-botanical sportsman who essays to pursue the elusive pronghorn over the Western prairie on his hands and knees cannot fail to be interested in a little plant which grows there. It is a cactus, and when the hunt is over and the day's work done, he will spend many a half hour by the dim light of a candle in his tent looking for spikes which he unintentionally brought away with him from the little

cactus. This place was the home of that particular variety, and after about one hundred yards of crawling, deciding that it was wrong to spoil so many of the plants, I took a parting shot at the most prominent member of the band, and returning to my horse rode off to try my luck elsewhere.

We were going to Piney by a route more direct, but less interesting on account of settlement than the one we travelled coming in. The settler with his barbed wire and the big game hunter have little in common. We only saw three more antelope all day and they were too wild. In the evening, as we neared the Cottonwood, several small bunches were noted, but it was too late to attempt their pursuit, so we went into camp beside a haystack near a cabin by the creek. The weary wanderer cannot find anything more friendly as night approaches than a haystack. We had a delightful supper, a pleasant smoke, and such a warm comfortable night.

Nothing but a keen appetite for the chase could have got me out long before the first streak of dawn, to a hurried, cold, and comfortless breakfast all alone. I saddled up my weary pinto Dick and rode away along the road to Piney. I knew that the best country lay between our camp and the settlement, and that we must reach the post office by two P. M. to catch the stage, as we had decided to go to the railway rapidly with it and to let Jackson follow with our things more slowly. Crossing the creek, I climbed the low hill beyond and was on the little divide as the east was brightening. Dismounting, I looked the country over and marked a soli-

tary buck less than half a mile off. Leaving the horse, and taking advantage of the undulations occurring, I managed to get a little nearer. Much of the way one had to creep, but at times, by stooping very low, one could approach. I soon covered the last foot possible without being seen, so taking a long and careful aim, fired. The dust kicked up by my bullet literally covered the buck, but he darted off apparently untouched, and never halted for a second until he was over the divide by Cottonwood.

I was as satisfied with the shot as a man could be who did not score a hit. There was no antelope to be seen behind my front sight when I fired, the distance was so great. Returning to Dick, we went together for a mile along the ridge, and then viewed the country once more, it being now bright daylight. Again, a solitary buck was seen standing on a high place. Leaving Dick, I did the creep of my life, ignoring cactus and everything else. I heard buttons fly off as I scraped along, but nothing deterred me, and soon the top of an undulation warned me that further approach was impossible. Raising my head, I saw that I was about two hundred and fifty yards from my target, and what was really wonderful, he was lying down. My stalk had been so well executed that he was unaware of my presence. My aim was long and careful. Again a cloud of dust covered the buck and this one also darted away, but after running a hundred yards came to a stop, showing that he was hard hit. Hurrying after him, when within easy shot I put



a bullet in his quarter, which brought him down. The first bullet had hit the ground, gone to pieces shrapnel-like, and had inflicted wounds which would soon have proved fatal. This was a much better head than the first, being twelve and one-half inches and beautifully curved. I was very much elated at this success. Catching Dick, and loading him with the scalp, head, and quarters I led him to the road along which the wagon was now coming. All were greatly pleased at my success, especially Jackson, as he knew how disappointing the elk hunt had been.

Depositing my load on the wagon, I circled off to the left again, and travelled several miles over sagebrush before seeing anything further; then dismounting, I sat down on the highest place possible and once more carefully looked over the plain with my glasses. Two antelope were in sight, walking slowly across a little hill a good distance off, but in the Piney direction. I followed on foot, and creeping as I approached the top of the same hill, soon saw the antelopes a couple of hundred yards away feeding on the prairie. One had a rather black-looking head, partly due to his having very large black horns, and partly to darker hair markings. Covering this fellow, I fired, and they ran off together as though untouched. I kept on firing, however, at the same animal and presently he stopped and standing perfectly still allowed me to approach within fifty yards, when with a bullet I brought him down. The herd to which these probably belonged could now be seen scampering away from a



hollow beyond and in front of me. Bullets now began to sing around my ears and to kick up dust in every direction. For protection, I retired to the shelter of the high ground, until the shower was over, and then going up saw a wagon loaded with armed tourists going along the road nearly half a mile away. They were firing at the retreating herd of antelope, but they must have heard my shots and seen my horse. These sportsmen, I afterwards learned, were from a coal mining town on the railroad and they were shooting on the off chance of hitting something, knowing that the modern rifle carries a long way.

My buck was one to be proud of; his horns measured sixteen and one-fourth inches in length, five and three-quarters inches in circumference, and seven and three-quarters inches from tip to tip. Feeling now that the whole trip had been a success, I returned to the road and finding the wagon reached Piney in time for lunch. W. and myself had decided to go out by stage, while Jackson was to follow with the wagon and a couple of days later forward our effects. We spent the night at the halfway house and arrived at Opal the following evening. Our train did not come until the small hours and C. turned up on horseback in time to catch it. After leaving us in the Fall River basin, Fayler had taken him to the mountains where I had seen the wapiti the day before. He had at once killed a nice five-pointer, and a few hours after bagged a six-point, fifty-inch head. Leaving his impedimenta with Fayler, by quick riding he had

overtaken us and had stalked and killed another good antelope by the way, so he was in the best of spirits. During the cold nights on the mountains, I had several times thought of how comfortable a warm Pullman would be. When the train arrived, I was very tired waiting for it, so turned in at once, but not to sleep, as there was no air in my stuffy berth, and I was almost roasted. Often during that night, I longed for the cosy haystack on Cottonwood Creek.

## FISHING IN IDAHO





## FISHING IN IDAHO

Throughout the intermountain country trout streams are numerous and naturally good. The fishing in some of them, however, has been temporarily destroyed owing to their waters being polluted by poisonous waste from mining camps, or to the depredations of railway construction gangs. As the railroads and the rivers in mountainous countries often run side by side, it follows that the best fishing is obtained in remote and inaccessible streams. Here the inability to make use of the trout caught is a potent factor in their preservation, as the only thing to be done is to return the fish to their native element, and catching trout to let them go, robs the sport of half its incentive. In time, of course, the construction work being over, the rivers will be restocked, and as the contamination of streams by careless mining companies is no longer countenanced, the fishing will probably always be good.

Laws have been enacted, and are being enforced, limiting the basket to so many pounds of fish per day, and as the sale of trout from public streams is forbidden in most places, this protects them greatly. Formerly only certain species of trout were caught in certain streams; in those, for instance, which flowed into the residual waters of

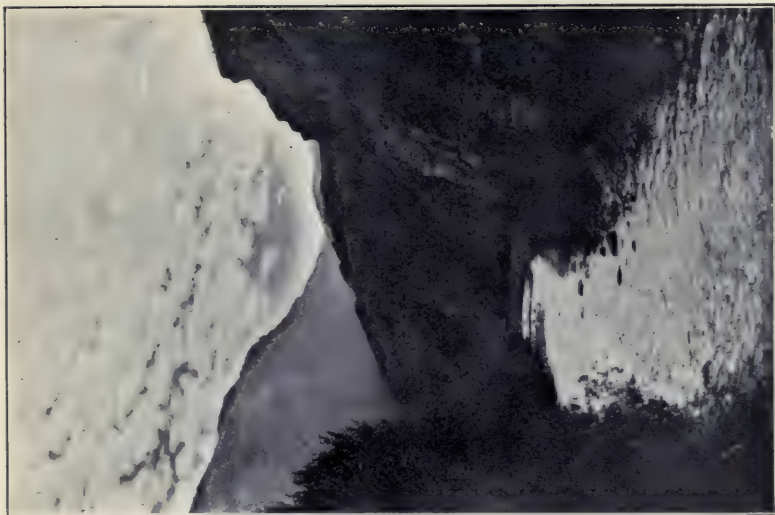
Lake Bonneville, the Utah trout was found, while the Snake River above the Shoshone Falls yielded the Yellowstone trout, and below the cutthroat. Now, however, the busy game wardens have introduced foreign fish, and changed those from one stream to another, equally or more suitable, with the result that one's basket at the end of the day may contain many varieties. Some of the rivers end in lakes, and then the big trout from the lake may be taken in the river above.

One of the most ideal trout streams is the Provo in Utah. Rising in a wild and broken country, far up amongst the Wasatch Mountains, in its course of sixty miles or so, it presents every sort of water that the sportsman's mind can conceive. Ending in Utah Lake, big fish from this make their way up the stream and specimens weighing ten or twelve pounds are sometimes taken. The scenery along this river is in parts extremely beautiful, which adds greatly to its attractiveness.

In Idaho the mountains are high, and as some of them carry snow all the year, the waters of many of its streams, being cold and swift, present ideal conditions. The country, being sparsely inhabited, one can soon leave the beaten track and have the hum of human traffic replaced by the murmur of the brook; so to Idaho I went, with the intention of trying a couple of its streams—Silver Creek and the North Fork of the Snake—and this was before the enactment of the limit laws. Within the last two or three years, however, great changes have taken place in Idaho.



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, PROVO CANYON



PROVO CANYON





## SILVER CREEK

With a small party, on a beautiful morning in May, I arrived at Shoshone. While our host's car was being "cut off" the overland train and being attached to that on the Ketchum branch, we viewed the town, which consisted of one street, up the middle of which ran the main line. It was a hot and dusty place surrounded by dreary wastes of sagebrush and lava, but possessed of great possibilities, as the sagebrush desert only required water to make it "blossom as the rose" and this water was near at hand. The mighty Snake River flowed but a few miles away, and the Shoshone Falls was not far off.

Our objective point was Silver Creek, a small stream which the railway to Ketchum crossed as it meandered through the valley like a silver thread, and in a short time our train was rumbling out over the sagebrush towards it. Breakfast was ready as we started, and by the time it was over, we were passing the Little Wood, a stream I had once fished with great success. I recalled having shot my first coyote there, while trying to kill some sage hens, and of carrying it to the car on my back across the desert in an August sun. I had registered a vow then that I would never carry a coyote again, either in August or any other month, and that I would never encourage the carrying of coyotes by members of the party to which I belonged. Our car was cut off at the bridge crossing Silver Creek. After breakfast we had spent the time putting our rods

up, and getting casts on, so being ready, we at once took to the water. A great spirit of rivalry prevailed, and each determined to kill a bigger basket than his neighbour.

Underneath the trestle there was a ford, having a beautiful pool immediately below. With a royal coachman and a professor on, I waded out and began. Every inch of the ford was fished without having a rise, and then the flies were allowed to drift into the pool and were gently drawn across the edge of the stream. This was kept up until the stream had been fished with the same negative result. Then the pool was tried, every part of it, from under its shady banks to the shallows further down, but without the slightest success. Leaving the water I walked along the bank for half a mile without seeing another attractive-looking cast, so my disappointment was great. The cloudless sky and perfectly clear, slow, flowing stream, at the bottom of which every pebble could be seen, did not appeal to me. I felt that I had been duped by the others who had fished up stream, and that there would be no laurels for me when the official count took place.

The river here meandered in graceful curves between green banks a few feet high and perfectly free from brush, so I walked along for perhaps another half mile and then decided to try again. A slight current showed along one bank some distance below, so with a very long line out, I drew my flies into this and instantly rose and hooked a trout which darted here and there and everywhere

as I reeled it in. After a brave fight, I landed a beautiful rainbow about one pound in weight, and much encouraged, began again to fish in earnest. Most of the water could be waded, although it was nearly all above the waist, but it was a pleasure being wet on this lovely hot day, and the big trout were rising well just along the low banks. In an hour and a half a dozen beauties filled my creel, so they were deposited in a shady place and another start made.

My first cast was across a deep pool from a rather high bank, and with it I hooked a nice fish with my coachman, playing it in to the bank; another trout took my professor and a merry time began, as they had different ideas as to the best direction to take. At last they were both close in, but it was necessary for me to slip into the river before they could be caught in my short-handled net. Owing to the clearness of the water, its depth was deceptive, so I dropped in almost up to my arms, and while dropping, a projecting root tore a hole in my net, through which one fish passed, eventually working itself clear, but the other was safely landed. By noon, I made another deposit, bringing my total to over two dozen—nearly all rainbow of from a half to one and a half pounds—so with a feeling of success, I sat down to luncheon.

At this place the river had cut well into the opposite bank, while about an acre of coarse grass covered the deposit it had made upon my side, and beyond this green place the sagebrush prairie extended for miles. A marsh hawk now attracted

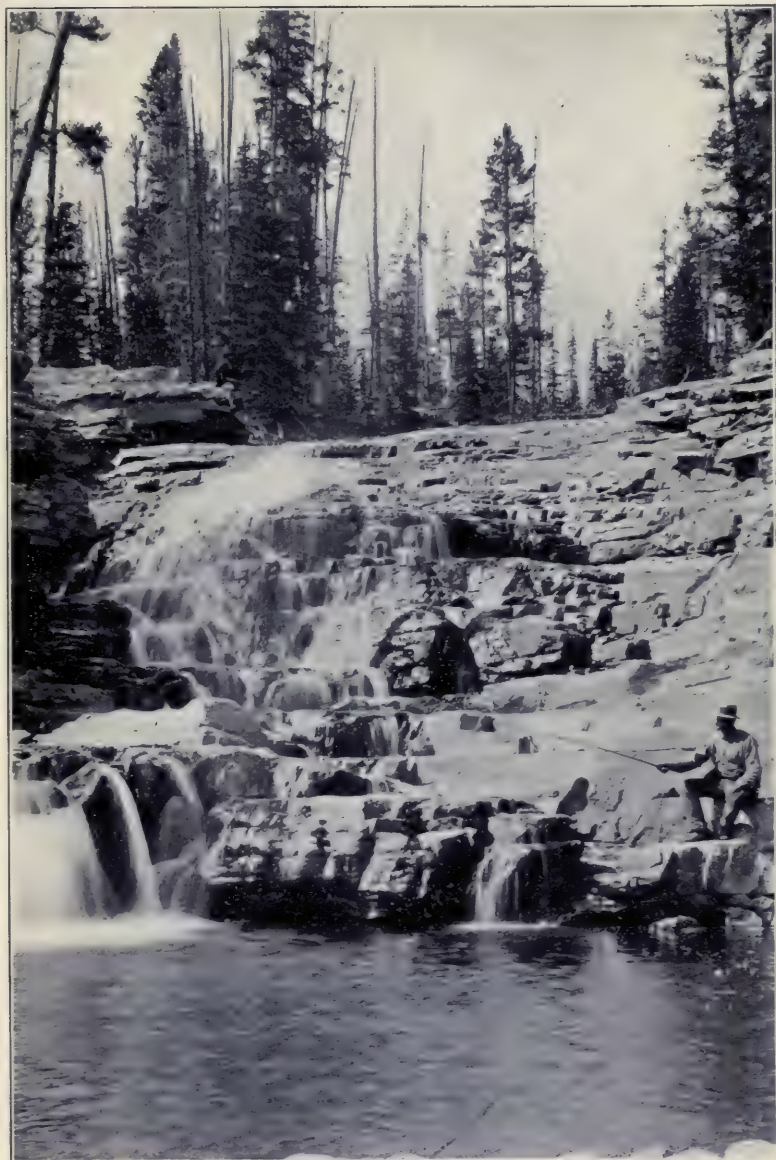


my attention—it swooped down close to me a dozen times, and did everything possible to convince me that its nest was near. Knowing that this species nested on the ground, and that it was probably on the cool, grassy place and not on the burning prairie, I put my rod down and devoted myself to finding it. My perseverance was rewarded, for very soon I saw it on a tuft of grass, and containing five pale blue eggs. As I had never before found one of these nests, this added greatly to my pleasure.

Turning a bend in the river, a short distance below I came upon a Japanese section man—he was fishing with the fly and his rod was a long bamboo, while a string of splendid fish hanging from a rope around his shoulder, told the story of his luck. We represented different civilisations, but both belonging to the ancient order of Nimrod we understood each other perfectly, and met on the level. We each nodded, and smiled, each said something incomprehensible to the other, and passing on we continued our occupations.

A man frequently exercises a good deal of care in keeping his waders dry inside when beginning a day's fishing, but he gets bravely over this in a short time, and is only prevented from discarding them altogether by the fact that he has nothing else with him. When late in the afternoon I gave up, and returned to where my trout were cached, I certainly had not on a dry stitch, but the hot sun prevented my feeling any inconvenience from this. My total count was thirty-four, and for half an





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HEAD WATERS OF THE PROVO



hour I had tried to kill two more without success—they had simply stopped rising. Filling my basket, I put a dozen on the strap and cutting a hole in the lining of my coat, put the rest in there, so with these and the hawk's eggs in my handkerchief, I took a direct route across the prairie to the car, which looked like a brick sitting on the horizon. On arriving I was greeted by my host, who was not a very keen fisherman and who had not wandered far afield. He told me that the others had not yet put in their appearance, so turning my fish over to the cook, I again tried the pool near the track, and this time killed two, making my score three dozen.

H. now arrived and counted out thirty-three, some of which outweighed any of mine, but numerically I was still ahead. After having some refreshments, we went off to look for S. and found him fishing in a deep pool, only his head and shoulders being above the water; he wore a happy smile, however, and a well-filled basket floated behind him, out of which we subsequently counted twenty-eight large trout.

The next morning S. and myself decided to try the upper reaches, while H. with another man went down the valley to try for big chaps in some of the deep holes. Crossing a shallow ford I took a cast and whipping out an eight-ounce trout, tried again, while S. went on. Another about the same size was caught a few minutes after, and the sport was excellent in the shallows for about an hour, then the water became muddy, and the trout ceased to rise.

Realising that some cattle were crossing or standing in the stream farther up, I waded out with the intention of getting above them. Some spotted sandpipers flying about in an excited manner induced me to spend a little time searching for the cause, with the result that presently I found three of their nests. Each was under a sagebrush, and each had four eggs. These nests are generally found singly, but in this instance the three were within a few yards of each other.

Going up the river for a mile, the cattle were reached, standing in a very muddy place and eating the grass along the banks. Some distance farther up the river bed was wide, but the water flowed in a little stream between low banks of mud. I killed two trout in the stream, in each case having to drag them over the mud, so deciding to avoid this, I stepped on to a bank and sank at once to the waist in it. Getting out was extremely difficult, and had it not been for the fact that some willows were within reach the result might have been serious.

Following the stream further, a nice little pool was reached with its deepest part under the opposite bank. The first cast brought a big trout to the surface, but he was not hit, so leaving him for a while, I added several smaller fish to the basket and then returned. Scarcely had my flies touched the water, when with a vicious tug my trail was taken, and I was fast to a two pounder which fought well, as the water was very shallow and muddy on my side, and as I dared not again trust myself in



this mud it took me a good while playing the big fish down the stream to where he could be landed. At last I had him safely in my basket; and although I tried for some time longer the water was so shallow and muddy that he proved my last catch.

Returning to the car with but eighteen fish and literally covered with mud, I indulged in a swim with all of my clothes on and then dressed for dinner. H. had twenty-six fine trout, and S. thirty smaller ones, while another man, Y., had killed a four pounder and a good creel of others.

Our third day was short, as a train passing at noon picked our car up. S., H. and myself spent the morning near by and caught some nice trout, but Y., determining to outdo us all, started early, and walking a couple of miles down the track crossed the prairie to the river. When the train came, there was no Y., so we asked the engineer to sound the whistle and about four or five miles down the valley Y. was picked up, having several fine trout, the largest of which weighed four and a half pounds. Our ice box was pretty full by this time, and had we killed more we could not have used them. In spite of delays we reached Shoshone in time for our overland train.

#### SNAKE RIVER

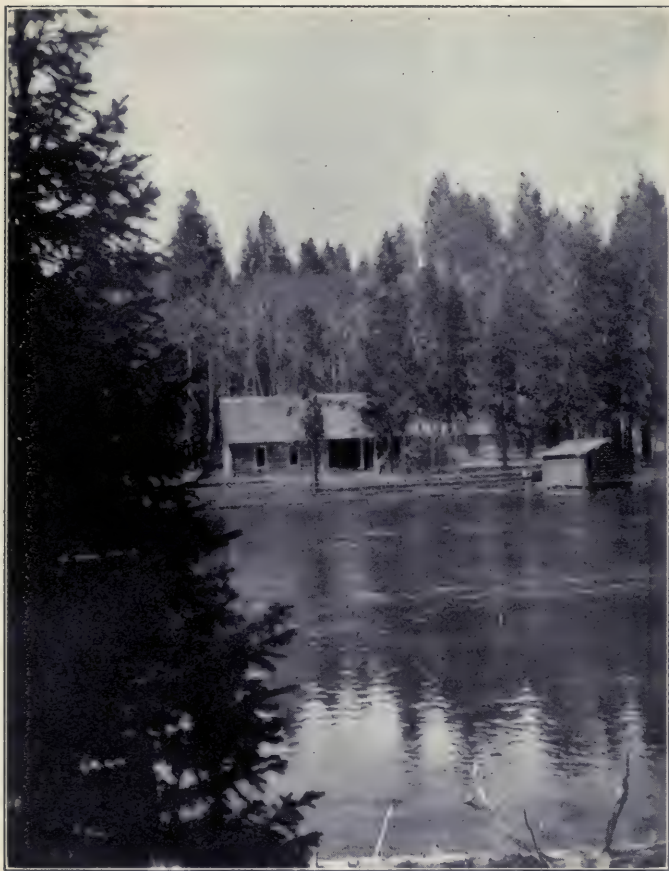
The river in Idaho about which I had heard most was the north fork of the Snake. This rises practically on the western boundary of the Yellowstone Park, is shortly joined by a stream from Henry's Lake, by the Shotgun, and by a number of others,

after which it flows in a southwesterly direction until meeting the south fork, forming the Snake River, which eventually joins the Columbia and ends in the Pacific Ocean.

One morning in August I found myself at the little town of Spencer on the Oregon Short Line Railway. Having secured a wagon with a pair of horses, we started at eleven on our drive to the river, some fifty miles to the east. We were soon out on a rolling sagebrush plain, intersected in places by old lava streams, and this was the character of a great deal of the country through which we passed.

In the evening, we arrived at a small creek called Sheridan, and here we camped for the night. The valley in which we were had tolerably high mountains to the north, and low sage-covered hills on the other sides, while a certain amount of cultivation prevailed in it. In fact, wherever we saw a little creek, there we found the primitive home of some frontiersman. As we still had a couple of hours of daylight, we scattered ourselves over the country with guns, and proceeded to beat for sage hens. These birds were very numerous, so we had fair sport, but this huge grouse rises in such a clumsy way and flies so slowly and straight that it is very easy to kill on the wing. The young birds are splendid in August, before they begin to eat the sage, and we had a fine bag of them for the cook by dinner time.

The heat of the afternoon was only surpassed by the cold of the night, and not having nearly enough



FLATROCK, IDAHO





blankets with me, I was almost frozen. At the first streak of dawn, going off with my gun, I had a couple of hours of the best sage-hen shooting possible, before the cook announced breakfast.

We saw a good number of ducks on the creek, but the season for duck shooting had not opened, so of course no one fired at them. About nine we were off, and by the way, we spent another couple of hours at the grouse, so that we had quite a supply of game by the time we reached the river at Trudes. Where the bridge crossed, the Snake was probably fifty yards wide, and when we were over the road we entered a forest of pines. It was a wonderful change from the open sagebrush prairie to the dense timber. The heat of the afternoon filled the air with balsamic odours, while the glare of the sun was considerably reduced by the foliage.

Our route for the next six or eight miles led through the timber. We again crossed the Snake at Flatrock, arriving at the club four miles above, by six o'clock. Here I was the guest of W. J. Barnett, and when my host, taking me to the cool storehouse, showed me the catch of the day, I realized that there was every possibility of my having the best trout fishing I had ever had, during the next few days. While shooting in Scotland once with a man who had fished here, I was struck by his vivid description of it. He said that "one first threw a stone into the river to attract the attention of the trout, and then anything they could swallow would do for a lure." I know, however, that he felt in his heart that this sort of fishing compared

favourably with the sport he had just been having on the Deveron.

One of the routes to the National Park passed close to this club house, and teams were constantly seen going and coming. It was customary to signal these passing parties, and present them with nice baskets of fish—this gave the weary travellers pleasure—and cleared the conscience of the sportsman. We were a cheerful party that night, and in spite of all I had heard about them there were very few mosquitoes, so our slumbers were undisturbed.

The next morning my friend Y. undertook to initiate me, so after breakfast we strolled down to the first pool and waded in. I was fishing with a six-ounce split cane rod, and using one fly, a small jock-scott; my landing net was defective, being too small and bending in a current, so it took me a little while to land a trout, especially in rough water. Y. had a grilse rod, and a good net. As a lure he used something with a Wyoming name, which looked like a dried-up peacock in spring plumage, and it took him a very short time to land a fish in any kind of water. As the traffic to the Park was lively, we felt that there would be great demand for our trout, and the river being overstocked, our consciences were clear. In a few minutes we were each fast to good trout, which were killed after some play and we each took several more out of the pool before passing on.

Very soon we were in water about a foot and a half deep and as the river was wide, one of us fished down each side. There was not a cloud, and the water was perfectly clear. Wherever there



RESULTS OF FIRST DAY'S FISHING ON THE SNAKE RIVER  
FERRY ACROSS THE SNAKE RIVER





was a big submerged stone, we saw behind it a shoal of hungry trout waiting for whatever might come down. One had but to cast and his fly was swallowed almost at once. Roughly our fish were all two pounders, and when we had filled our baskets we waded out and, depositing the contents in some shady place, were ready to begin again.

At Flatrock, the next house below, there was a beautiful placid reach, with timber-clad hills coming down to the water's edge, but there was no brush or anything which would interfere with casting. When we had fished for four hours, depositing our catch on the bank, we put our rods away and walked down to inspect some rapids in a canyon below. Two bald eagles attracted my attention. They were, at times soaring high above us, while again we saw them sitting on the tops of trees, overlooking the river. It only wanted these two magnificent birds to give the scene that finishing touch which delighted the lover of nature.

In the canyon the river bed was filled with rocks, over which the water tossed in wild tumult. Great trout had been taken from pools there at times, but our rods being with our fish further up, we had no opportunity of trying for them. We had arranged for a wagon to come down to Flatrock for us about this time, so we returned there, picking up our fish by the way and driving back to the club.

I had killed thirty-two trout weighing sixty-five pounds, so I spent some time stringing these on a rope between two trees and taking a photograph of them. Young, with his grilse rod, had taken over

fifty, two or three of which were three pounders, but none of my fish weighed less than one and a half, or more than two and a half. We kept a bright lookout for teams passing, and succeeded in supplying several parties with trout for themselves and friends. It was customary to open the fish and clean them when they were brought in, and afterwards to keep them as dry as possible in a cool place. Everyone had the same experience that day, the fish were rising well, and could have been caught by the veriest tyro.

After dinner we strolled through the balmy woods and arranged about the morrow. No matter how good the fishing at a certain place may be, one can meet with great disappointments, but we had found the Snake quite up to representations, and it had not been necessary for any one to apologise for it. I had heard much about trolling for salmon on the coast of British Columbia, but once I spent days going up and down a splendid bay in Vancouver Island without killing any,—they seemed to know that there was a ship to be caught by me at a certain time, so played their cards accordingly. As the source of the river was only four or five miles above, and as the springs were of enormous dimensions, we decided to go there the following morning, and after seeing them, fish down. The drive was over a very little travelled road, which led through forest and meadow. The springs were in a deep pool at the foot of a hill, and the water was clear and very cold. From here the river flowed away, wide and deep, as there was

not much fall at first, but it soon became a lively stream with fords and pools, the delight of the angler. Receiving water from sundry side creeks it rapidly increased in volume, so that by the time it had meandered to the club it was twenty or thirty yards wide, and very deep in places. Around the spring were seen the fresh tracks of a mighty bull elk, but it was not the season for deer in Idaho, so he was safe. We had good sport with small trout in the shallow water, and several big chaps were picked out of holes behind stones, and from under overhanging banks. We had a delightful day, and arrived back at the club in the evening with as many fish as we could carry.

My intention was to go out from the river by Marysville, the terminus of the Blackfoot branch of the railway, and this involved a drive of forty-five or fifty miles. A couple of days were to be spent with a friend who had a summer place on the river about half way, so I decided to start the next afternoon. In the morning the pools below the club were tried without much luck; places were fished without getting a rise where two days before one was fast to a trout nearly all the time, and yet the conditions appeared to be identical. I tried a variety of flies, but while the sport was good it was nothing like what it had been. We left in the afternoon, and crossing the river at Flatrock soon branched off from the Spencer road and in an hour or so were at the Buffalo, a fine fishing stream, and a tributary of the Snake. Here we called at a ranch where a solitary Englishman led

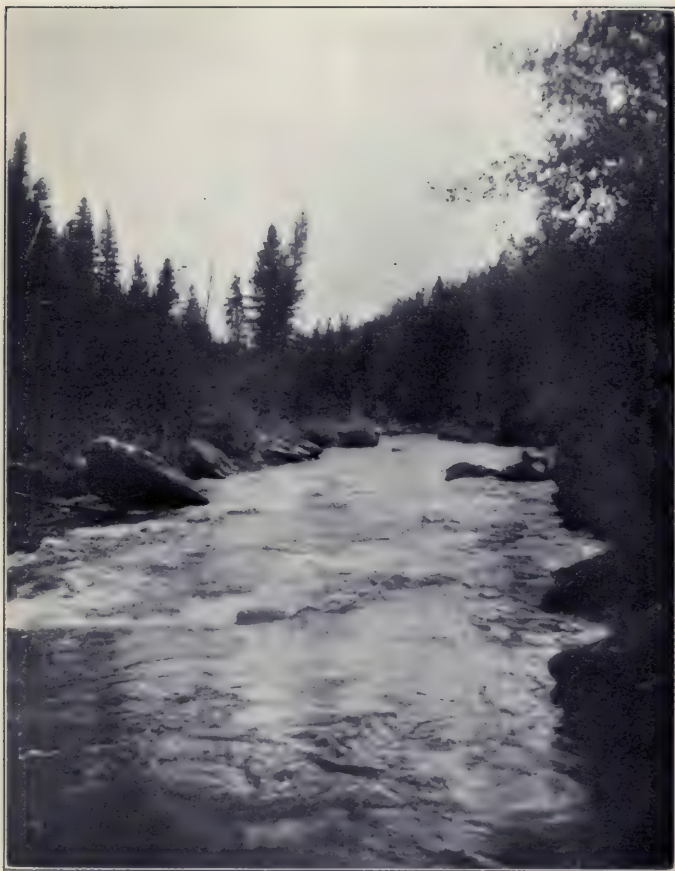


a lonely life. He showed us his wild geese, his bear, and his coyote. The house was picturesquely built, and from its surroundings it was evident that its occupant was a born naturalist, and lover of the wilds. Our next stop was Ripley's, the first stage station on the National Park route, coming in via Marysville. It was free from any particular architectural beauty, being a log house of the most primitive possible type.

A few miles further on we turned off the road, and crossing meadows for a mile or so, forded the Snake and drove up a hill to my friend's house, situated upon the right bank of the river, which was very high at this point. The view was beautiful. At our feet lay the Snake River, winding through miles of rich meadow interspersed with clumps of black timber, a forest of which formed the background, while in the far distance the icy peaks of the mighty Tetons were reflecting the oblique rays of the setting sun with dazzling brightness. Behind the house rose hills, the sides of which were heavily grown with conifers. Their bases, as they rested upon the meadows, were fringed with a deciduous shrubbery, upon which Nature was painting her autumnal decorations with a wonderful prodigality.

The following morning we drove up the river nearly to Ripley's before beginning to fish. My friend selected a deep pool under the left bank into which a stream ran, and I waded out in shallow water with the intention of crossing the river. Casting a few times towards the opposite bank to





THE SNAKE



wet my line, I hooked a splendid trout, at the very grass roots, and in water only a few inches deep. As my rod was very light, he went off down stream at a tremendous rate, and then sulked. Thinking he had got off, and that the fly had caught something at the bottom, I waded towards the place while reeling in, but to my surprise the line again ran out; however, the play was short and I soon had a four pounder in the net. These heavy trout did not give anything like the play the smaller fish gave in the cooler water at Flatrock, or like the rainbow in Silver Creek. They seldom rose, but struck under the water, and several times I thought myself fast to a snag at the bottom, when in reality a big trout had taken my fly. Our sport was splendid, the trout varying in size greatly, from half a pound to four and a half pounds, and when we reached the conveyance which had come to meet us we were weighted down with fish. Before dinner we wandered through the woods and saw many of the attractions of the place.

A few miles further down the river, a short time before, a well-educated and much-travelled man had been fishing. Hearing a splash behind him, he looked around in time to see a wonderful creature disappearing under the dark waters of a big deep pool. In form, this monster did not resemble anything that the name of the river might suggest, and besides it was seen shortly after breakfast, and the habits of the observer were above question. As it was a lonely place, the fisherman waded out, and hurrying back to camp, returned

to civilisation very shortly afterwards. With that reticence peculiar to fishermen, he said little about what he had seen—further than stating that it was almost human in appearance, and since then he has spent much time in reading works on natural history, without having solved the problem. It would be better for science if fishermen were less shy about letting the world know of the wonderful things they see. How different the sailor, he reports at once, and while his monsters all appear to belong to a species held in disrepute, and their appearances are attributed by many to the sailor's habits, nevertheless his descriptions are of absorbing interest.

My second day was spent fishing a small lake in the woods which carried a large stock of brook trout. They afforded good sport although small. The drive to Marysville was through forest practically all the way. At times we disturbed some blue grouse on the road, stopping to shoot them. Once a couple of golden eagles flew over us and lit in a big tree near by. As I wanted a specimen, I stalked them, and succeeded in bringing one down with a small shot.

After a delightful drive, we emerged at length from the forest on a sort of promontory covered with scrub. At the foot of this flowed the Snake, and beyond there was a fine view of the valley. We could see the little village, and about a mile from it the railway station, at which stood the train, and I must say I was sorry to bid the wilds good-by, and to be hurried back to civilisation.



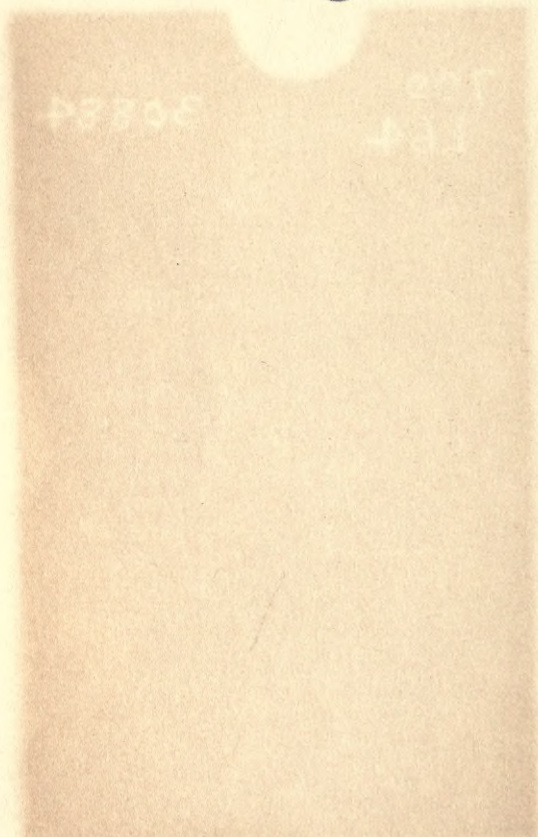
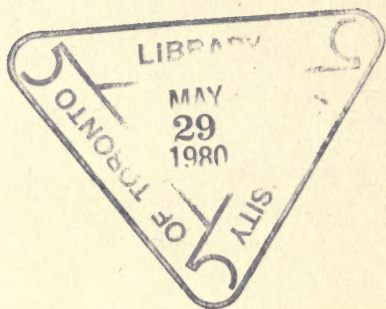
In a short time every valley in the West which can be reached by irrigation canals will be under cultivation, and this, by inducing settlement and the building of railways will deprive the fisherman of many of his most hallowed sanctuaries.

There must always remain, however, in a great mountainous country, miles of head waters where the angler can pursue his innocent sport, and let his soul unfold in peace while he watches for the rise of a speckled beauty.

THE END.









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